Beginning – **A Chance at Heaven**
Viña Delmar's Greatest Love Story

WEEK
ENDING
APR. 9, 1932

Liberty

5c

A Best Read Weekly

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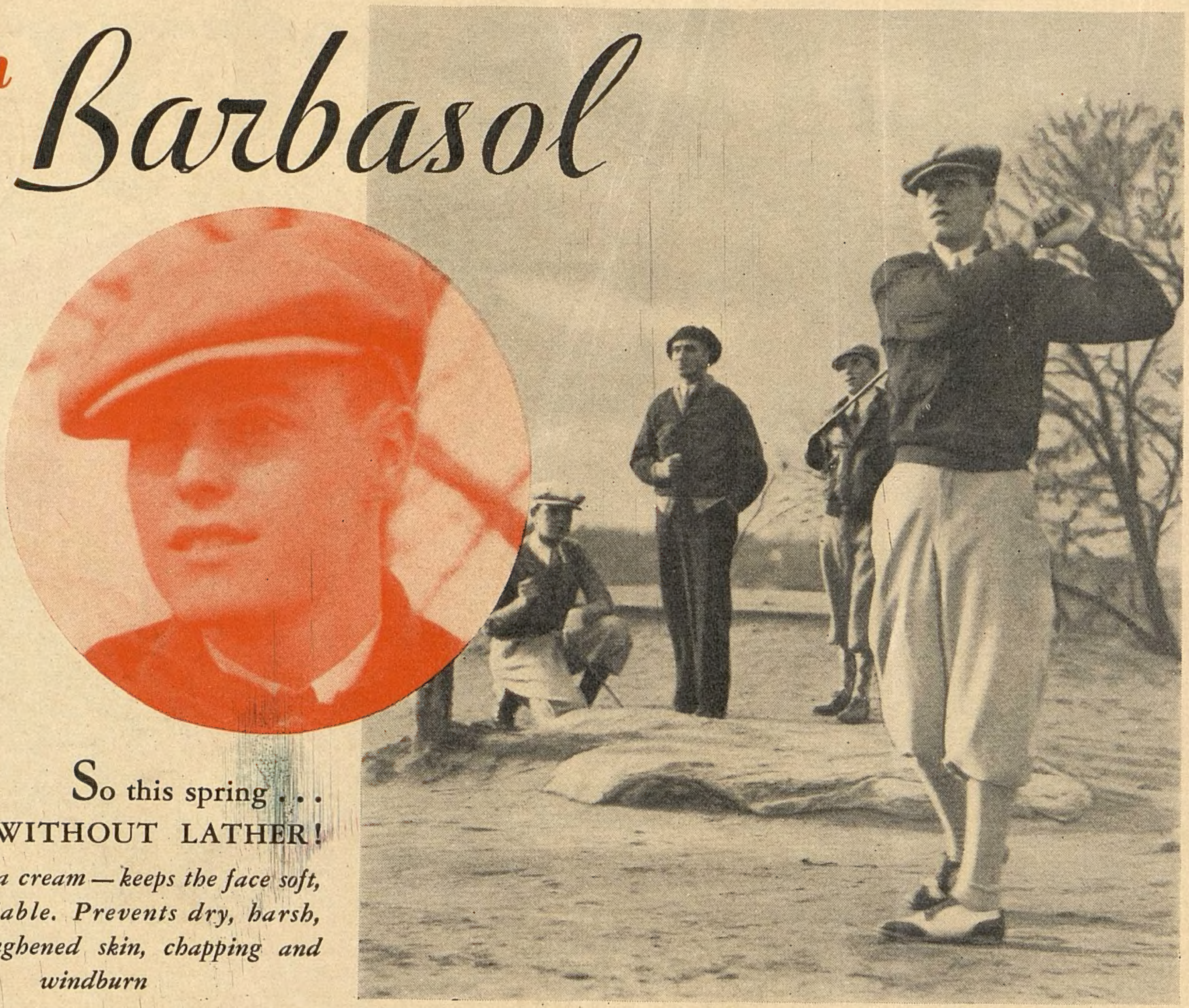
Faces that laugh at weather *are shaved*

with Barbasol



So this spring . . .
SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER!

Barbasol—a cream—keeps the face soft, smooth, pliable. Prevents dry, harsh, weather-roughened skin, chapping and windburn

BRED to the open and the sky, this keen, modern world of out-of-doors, men have learned a trick worth knowing in all-weather facial protection.

THEY SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER—that's the secret! They use BARBASOL. Increasing millions of users have made it the fastest-selling shaving cream in the world.

Because it *is* a cream, and free from harsh, biting alkalis, it leaves the skin soft, smooth and pliable. The natural oils are kept in. Skin-drying air is kept out. And the wonderful unguent properties of Barbasol supply added protection and balm-like healing power.

This smooth, cool cream softens the whiskers instantly. It holds them erect. And your razor, gliding on a thin film of cream, zips them off like magic.

Now use Barbasol right. Follow these directions and you'll follow the crowd:

1. Wet your face and leave it wet. **2.** Spread on Barbasol. (No need for vigorous rub-in.) **3.** Wet a good blade—and SHAVE.

That's all there is to the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, or large jar, 75¢, will quickly make you a Barbasol Believer, too.

Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE

In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio programs listed below.

BARBASOL RADIO BROADCASTS

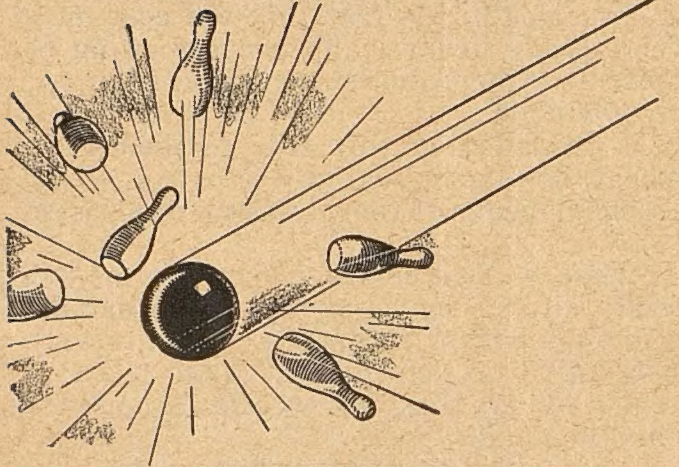
Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8:15, Eastern Standard Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.

The Old Singin' Master and his singers—mellow old hymns and ballads the way you like them. Tune in every Sunday night at 10:15, Eastern Standard Time, on the N.B.C. (WJZ) Blue network, coast to coast.

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations

POCKET BEN SMASHES INTO THE PINS

63 TIMES!



Sealed Inside Bowling Ball He Still Keeps Accurate Time!

Chicago, Ill., (Special) Jimmy Smith, holder of many world's bowling records, has just bowled four games with a Pocket Ben watch embedded *inside the ball.* At 1:45 in the afternoon Pocket Ben was set, wound, and plugged into a specially drilled Brunswick Mineralite Ball. Jimmy warmed up for a few minutes and then started bowling in earnest.

As the ball sped down the alley Pocket Ben tumbled over and over. Crash! The ball smashed into the pins. Then the ball came rolling back up the return—to stop with a resounding crack against the other balls in the rack. In four games Jimmy sent the ball carrying Pocket Ben whirling down the alley *63 times.*

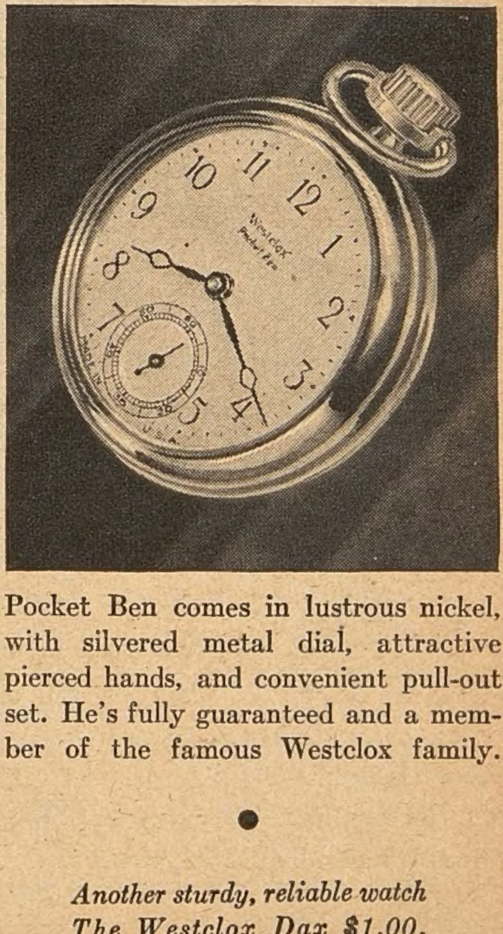
Everyone waited breathlessly as the plug which imprisoned Pocket Ben was removed. No one thought the little watch would survive the punishment. But when the plug came out there was Pocket Ben ticking merrily away—right on the dot at 3:39.

Still running —and on time to the second. After crashing into the pins 63 times Pocket Ben comes up smiling and right on the dot.

Jimmy Smith sends Pocket Ben flying down the alley. This world famous bowler rolled four games with Pocket Ben inside the ball.

Because Pocket Ben withstands such tests as these he is called the "shock proof" watch. The millions of people who carry Pocket Ben know they can depend on him.

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois
Canada: Western Clock Company, Limited
Peterborough, Ontario



Pocket Ben comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands, and convenient pull-out set. He's fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family.

POCKET BEN

$1.50

Made by the makers of Big Ben

Westclox . . . . POCKET WATCHES . . . . ALARMS . . . . AUTO CLOCKS

●

Another sturdy, reliable watch The Westclox Dax $1.00.

APR. 9, 1932

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

VOL. 9
No. 15

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

ARTIFICIAL! ARTIFICIAL!! ARTIFICIAL!!!

This is an artificial age. We are inclined to accept quack remedies for everything; we are always looking for immediate results. And we usually fail to look far enough ahead to see the ultimate effects of our remedies.

Millions of dollars were collected last winter to feed the victims of unemployment, but little or no consideration was given to a method of relief for the coming spring and summer and the winter to follow. We are usually satisfied with measures that bring immediate relief, and let the future take care of itself.

The boom period following the war brought jobs for everybody; wages were boosted to unheard-of standards; merchandise of all kinds brought high prices. But with the coming of the depression, values of all kinds went tumbling. Wages in some businesses have been upheld, but in most cases the hours of work have been reduced and working members of unions are often compelled to divide their wages with jobless brothers.

High wages have been like a gift from heaven to the working man. He has had a taste of the luxuries of life, and to the greatest extent possible this financial gain for labor should be retained.

But wages cannot be held up artificially; they must be maintained through profits of the business in which the worker is engaged. If the price for the product of his labor is greatly lowered, wages must ultimately be reduced to continue in business. Therefore, with some businesses it is a question of lowering wages or going into bankruptcy.

Take the railroads for example. If the workmen had insisted upon maintaining their high standard of wages, nearly all of our great railroads would have been forced into bankruptcy.

All sorts of public improvements are being advocated with a view of lessening unemployment. To a certain extent such measures are beneficial. But who is to pay for these improvements? Payment can come from but one source, and that is the taxpayer.

We are already overburdened with taxes, and huge increases are now being considered. Federal and state taxes are increasing by leaps and bounds.

There is a demand from several sources for a huge loan of five billion dollars or more, the entire sum to be spent in the building of roads. Such construction would, of course, furnish employment for millions of workers; but why blind ourselves to the fact that the cost must be added to the already heavy load we are passing on to the taxpayer? It is just another artificial means of stimulating employment.

The Farm Board adopted this silly method when they bought wheat, hoping to hold up the prices. That was another artificial means of remedying an unpleasant situation.

And that is what we find nearly everywhere at this time. Practically all the remedial measures that are being adopted are temporary in nature; they are artificial, not constructive or dependable. Like a lot of boobs, we blunder along, thinking we can ignore the law of supply and demand.

And it cannot be evaded, no matter what we do. The minute we try to make prosperity by artificial stimulation, we are making future trouble for ourselves.

It might be possible to find permanent work for the jobless if we were nearing the end of this unpleasant situation; if we were definitely harmonizing our activities with the gradual return of normal business. But every job that is given a worker that does not produce something for which there is a definite and continuous demand, represents a waste of money and time.

That is our reason for advocating the Back to the Land movement.

Every man who finds a job by going back to the land has a definite and dependable means of feeding himself and his family for all time to come. He need not ever be a public charge. And that is the big problem that faces literally millions of people in this country at this time—the necessity for work that will enable them to eat regularly.

Everyone resents the "hand-out" that comes with the dole, no matter what form it may take. You cannot remain respectable and live on charity; you have to earn your daily bread. And all artificial measures for bringing back prosperity that are being foisted upon the public will only sink us deeper in the mire.

Let us try to find jobs that will last and that will be definitely constructive; that will solve the main problem of supplying something to eat with a reasonable degree of permanency. Then we can consider the ways and means of earning the comforts and even luxuries of life that we all look upon as our inalienable right.

We badly need more sincerity and less hypocrisy, more reality and less pretense, more honesty and less deceit, more efficiency and less artificiality.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

LIBERTY PRESENTS
THE GREATEST
OPPORTUNITY TO
UNKNOWN WRITERS
THE WORLD HAS
EVER KNOWN

WRITERS!

If you have talent and earnestly desire to make a name for yourself in literature Liberty offers you your chance in its new

$5,000

"FIRST STORY" OFFER

BETWEEN now and May 12 Liberty will make it possible for no less than fourteen novice writers to crash the gates of fame and fortune by offering to buy fourteen stories by writers who have not yet "arrived" in the larger sense of the word. For this purpose Liberty has set aside a fund of $5,000 which it will spend in sums ranging from $1,000 down to $250 for these manuscripts.

If you are earnest in your ambition—if you believe you have talent but have not yet succeeded in selling a story to a national periodical—then you will welcome this opportunity to make your first sale of a story at a price greater than many successful writers ever succeeded in commanding.

Never before was there such a demand for good fiction, never did writing offer such recompense as in late years. Never were so many people making an excellent living from writing—many of them becoming wealthy—as right now.

It is hard to make a beginning, hard to get a foothold—but once a successful beginning has been made, once a story or two has been accepted by a national periodical of high standing, so that your name is known, the worst is over and the way is clear for you to go ahead as far and as fast as your talent and your capacity will permit.

This is the opportunity that Liberty is offering to you. But please bear this in mind: Liberty will not pay one cent for a story that does not in every way come up to the high standard it sets for every word that appears between its covers. To do otherwise would be unfair to its tremendous public following. Liberty is not bidding for mediocre stories. What it is doing is letting down the bars of prejudice against unknown writers. Instead of penalizing you because you are unknown, Liberty is putting a premium upon the fact that you are unknown.

The fact that you may have sold stories to your high-school or college magazine or to a local newspaper that does not syndicate its material does not bar you from this big "First Story" offer. You are disqualified only if you have sold one or more stories to a nationally circulated periodical of any kind.

If, then, you have manuscripts on hand that you honestly feel are worthy of appearing in Liberty, send them in as directed in the instructions on this page and they will receive immediate and special consideration by our reading staff. If you have the plot of a story in mind that you believe is up to the Liberty standard, write it and send it in before this offer expires and it may perhaps prove your starting point to fame and fortune.

Let us reiterate, however, that to be purchased under this offer your story must be of sufficient excellence to warrant its being published in Liberty. But send us in the right kind of story and it will be received with open arms, it will be bought at a price in proportion to its value to us including all serial rights, over two million people will read it, and the gateway to success will swing open before your eyes!

Under this offer the editors of Liberty will read stories for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and availability for publication in Liberty, and upon this basis will decide whether or not to purchase stories submitted.

Liberty takes pleasure in making available this unprecedented offer to unknown writers. By all means take advantage of it. Send in your finished manuscripts at once and get busy on any others you may wish to submit. There is no limit to the number you can offer.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 2,500 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted in parts will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

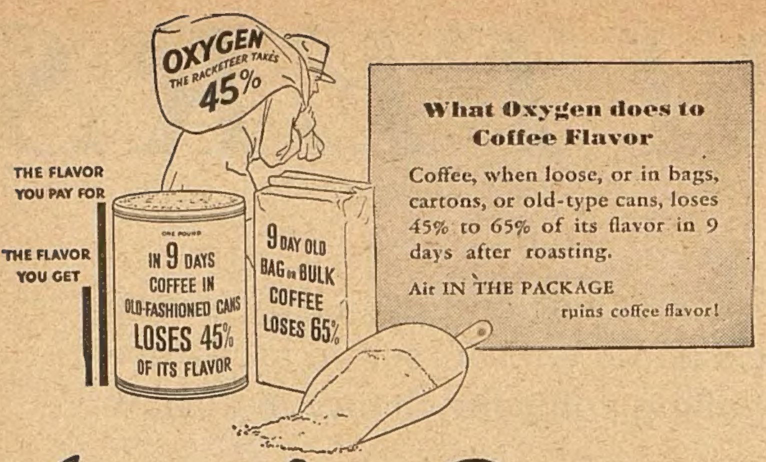
Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY "FIRST STORY" EDITOR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, May 12, 1932.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO SELL YOUR FIRST STORY AND WIN EDITORIAL RECOGNITION!


OXYGEN
THE RACKETEER TAKES
45%
THE FLAVOR YOU PAY FOR
THE FLAVOR YOU GET
ONE POUND
IN 9 DAYS COFFEE IN OLD-FASHIONED CANS LOSES 45% OF ITS FLAVOR
9 DAY OLD BAG or BULK COFFEE LOSES 65%

What Oxygen does to Coffee Flavor

Coffee, when loose, or in bags, cartons, or old-type cans, loses 45% to 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting.

Air IN THE PACKAGE ruins coffee flavor!

Remember, if there's Oxygen *in the package* it ruins coffee flavor!

Only Maxwell House is completely protected against this coffee racketeer —by the VITA-FRESH *Process*

OXYGEN, in the air, is the sole enemy of coffee flavor. It begins its attack the moment coffee leaves the roaster. So, whether you buy coffee in paper bags, cartons, moisture-proof wrappings, old-fashioned cans or vacuum, remember this important question if you want the full flavor you pay for:

IS THERE AIR INSIDE THE PACKAGE?

If there is—coffee deteriorates, loses flavor.

If there isn't—coffee keeps its full flavor indefinitely.

There is only ONE coffee that contains no Oxygen. Only one coffee that reaches you with its full flavor always completely protected—because all trace of Oxygen is removed and excluded from the sealed can.

That coffee is Maxwell House—packed by the new Vita-Fresh Process.

A famous blend made finer by this first scientific protection

Coffee lovers and connoisseurs for two generations have spread the fame of the Maxwell House blend. No other fine coffee has ever delighted so many people in so many countries. The secret of its success has been its superb blend.

It is the same delectable coffee as always, but now it tastes infinitely finer than ever, as it comes to you with all its delicious full flavor completely protected by the Vita-Fresh Process.

Ask your grocer for a pound of Maxwell House today. At the very first sip you will discover why Maxwell House is winning more friends than ever before.

"...so I changed to Maxwell House and you ought to hear the family praise my coffee now."
"Listen to that. I'll bet ten women said the same thing today. Maxwell House certainly rung the bell with that Vita-Fresh Process."
"Same here—and have you noticed the saving? It has so much flavor that I'm getting more cups from a pound."
FULL FLAVOR
FULL VALUE
VITA-FRESH
VACUUM PACKED
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE
HIGH GRADE
NET WEIGHT
ONE POUND

NOW
THREE TIMES
A WEEK—
COLUMBIA
NETWORK

Hear Lanny Ross—Don Voorhees and his Maxwell House Orchestra—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. See your newspaper for local time.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

Good to the last drop

© 1932, G. F. Corp.

BEGINNING

A Chance at HEAVEN

WHAM! she socks into my bench and comes to a stop.

Pictures by HUBERT MATHIEU

VIÑA DELMAR'S

Greatest Love Story

A New and Modern Novel of Youth and Romance

(Reading time: 35 minutes 45 seconds.)

PART ONE—KNOCKED FOR A LOOP

SOME people keep diaries. I never have. I never could picture myself sitting down and making an entry that might read as follows:

"Marjory Harris is in love with me. She wants to marry me or something. Tonight she said, 'Blacky, I think you're the handsomest thing alive.'"

I mean, after all, a guy's got to have something the matter with him who can sit down and in cold blood and black ink seriously write down what he's said to different dames and what different dames have said to him. But

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Cont'd from page seven

if I had kept a diary I wouldn't be sitting here now with my brow all wrinkled and my finger nails all bitten off trying to write this story. I'll probably have to rewrite it a dozen times; but on this first attempt I'll just put down everything that occurs to me. In a rash moment last week I bought a typewriter just for this purpose, and now I can't make a sucker out of the poor thing. I'm going to write the story of something that really happened to me—Blacky Gorman.

TO begin with, I'm a New Yorker that settled in a small town. I've seen lots of fellows leave this town and go to New York to make good, and they do make good. They make good bums. I couldn't seem to connect in New York. I tried this and I tried that and I even tried those; but it wasn't any use. I'm the kind of guy who can't work for anybody. I get sore easy, and when I get sore I like to hear noses bust. The last job I had in New York ended a little unpleasantly.

Anyhow, my family didn't feel good about it. My mother cried and my father raised hell and my brother called me a dumb such and such and decided to lend me enough money to go in business for myself. " Only, for God's sake," he said, " this time if you have any trouble with the boss kill him. And also get out of New York, will you? If after you're somewhere else you remember that there's still someone in New York you haven't had trouble with, I'll send him down to you."

So I got out of New York and opened a filling station in Silver Beach. It was on the main road and I had a popular brand of gasoline and I was my own boss and happy.

Almost from the beginning I did well.

I got a four-room bungalow to live in because hotels or rooming houses are tough to throw parties in. I got my meals here and there, and after a year I knew everybody in Silver Beach and was engaged to marry Marjory Harris.

Marjory was the daughter of Fred Harris, who owned the little department store in Silver Beach. You know, respected-citizen stuff. They had a big house with stone lions in front of it and no mortgages on it. Marjory at seventeen had been a big horse of a kid with a loud voice and a sort of brazen way that had shocked her mother. They sent her to a young ladies' school for three years and she had come back a big horse of a kid with a loud voice and a sort of brazen way that shocked her mother.

But I liked Marjory all right. She was pretty as hell. Almost as big as me, but with a gorgeous form and the kind of face that you see in cigarette ads. You know, red lips and a sort of " hold-that-line " manner about her. I don't know how the Harrises ever managed to dame and sire that Silver Beach cyclone. She must have been a throwback to the days when the Harrises were pirates.

Marjory was the only girl I've ever met who'd stick with you through a fight and who wouldn't keep yelling, " Oh, Blacky, stop. Please stop! " She'd keep a decent distance away and root like hell, and when the fight was over you'd find her bright-eyed and flushed and proud. She was even proud the time Nick Wilson knocked the devil out of me up at the Roulette Club. I guess she was proud because I hadn't busted Nick's head with the Scotch bottle she had put in my hand.

IT was funny how I came to be engaged to Marjory. She and I had been running around a lot together. She was one of the first people in Silver Beach to discover that I didn't always have dirty hands and that I might be able to talk of something besides the quality of gas.

One night we were driving out on the east road, where it's kind of woodsy and wild-flowery, and Marjory says to me, " Blacky, are you in love with anybody? "

I said no, because I'm not so coy myself, and she says, *MARJORY was the only girl I've ever met who'd stick with you through a fight. She'd keep a decent distance away and root like hell.*

"Is there anybody around whom you think you could care for?"

I said no again, and she says, "Well, why don't you marry me, Blacky? I'm young and passable and wealthyish and I could go for you in a big way, Blacky. I'd have babies or filling stations or anything you'd like."

I SUPPOSE I should have said, "No, Marjory; I don't love you." But I did love her at that moment. Anybody would have. It takes guts for a girl to talk that way to a man.

Next day I went to New York, and when I came back I brought Marjory a three-carat diamond so her mother could quit giving her the disgusted eye. It's funny about mothers like Mrs. Harris. All the time that Marjory and I were just running around together the old lady was as sore as a boil because Marjory was twenty-one and not engaged yet. Then the minute she lamps the diamond she collapses in a heap on my neck and sobs, "Oh, Blacky, you're going to take my little girl away from me!" Judging from just a standpoint of real good acting, I like Marjory's mother better than I like Greta Garbo. Just from a standpoint of acting, of course.

And Marjory and I became engaged. Now, I think that's a good story. And now, while I have the typewriter rolling, I'll jot down a few little things that happened shortly after Marjory bashfully consented to be my bride.

It was on a day in June that the Franklyns and Dr. Clinton Larrick blew into my life. Of course, in June, when the air around here is getting kind of delicious, all New York comes around to pollute it. We fellows who are in business down here like the summer because the cliff dwellers come down to the shore towns to bring us their money. They think we're kind of goofy because we live down here all winter. The women are always whining about our stores and the men are always whining about our applejack, and all in all we wish they'd stay home and just mail their money down to us.

Anyhow, on this particular June day, when the sky was blue and the clouds were white and the sun was red, a little French car loaded with hatboxes and small suitcases drives up for a spoonful of gas. Inside is a little French frail who talks like Maurice Chevalier. She tells me she's Mrs. Franklyn's maid. I give her the gas and a drop of water and then I try to collect.

"NO, no," says she. "I have not the money. Mrs. Franklyn she will pay you. She is coming."

I look down the road, but all I saw was Mrs. Lefkowitz crossing the street with her early-morning rye bread.

"I don't see Mrs. Franklyn," I said. "And besides, who is she?"

"She is my lady," said the little one. "I work for her. Mrs. Edna Franklyn. She buy big house on ocean. She tell me to buy gas in first Silver Beach station. She will pay."

I gave her the green light. After all, if Mrs. Franklyn buy big house on ocean I'm not going to be the one to hand her large insult. Especially not when you can fill the tank in one of those French road fleas out of a perfumizer.

A few minutes later another strange car darkens my door. This is an English importation and very swank indeed and most expensive. There is a chauffeur with a long, sad face, and beside him a half-witted-looking bozo with red cheeks who shouts at me, "Boy, can you tell me where I shall find Mrs. Franklyn's residence?" Now, this bozo has an accent that comes straight from jolly old London, and I busts right out laughing. A French dame in a French car and a Limey in an English car. What made me laugh was the idea that maybe next there'd be a couple of Eskimos dash up in a dog sled.

"Mrs. Franklyn's maid just passed this way," I admitted. "The house, as I understand it, is on the ocean. That's all I know about it."

"Dear me," says the chappie. "Dr. Larrick said that anybody in town could tell me where the Franklyn house was. I'll tell you what, old fellow. I'll have a look about, and if I don't find it I'll station myself down by the bridge."

"That'll be all right with me," I said.

"And if Dr. Larrick should pass this way you can tell him that his car and chauffeur and his man are either at the Franklyn house or at the bridge. How will that be?"

"O. K. How will I know Dr. Larrick?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page nine

THE door opens and there's Dr. Clinton Larrick himself. He says to Glory, " I saw your car and figured you must be in here."

" Why, he'll be with Mrs. Franklyn."

They beat it then, leaving me to speculate pleasantly on how much business I could expect for the summer from the Franklyn outfit. I wondered a little, too, about this Mrs. Franklyn. She was getting a lot of ballyhooing, all right. My mind runs an awful lot to silly impossible scenes like you see in Broadway revues. You know—like the Roxy usher at home that was in Three's a Crowd. I pictured myself, all covered with oil and grease, saying to the diamond-bedecked Franklyn dame, " I've heard so much about you I really feel as though I knew you." And then her smiling shyly and saying, " Good things, I hope."

I laughed a little and reminded myself that I must tell that to Marjory, when all of a sudden a hell of a big automobile flies out of space and lands right next to the " special " gas tank. It's black and silver and shiny and has all the gadgets known to the industry. There's a chauffeur in front, and in back there's a girl and a man and a woman. The funny part of it is that the woman is Mrs. Franklyn and I really do know her!

In my sane moments I'm a good business man. I know too much to tap on the window of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar car and say, " Yoo-hoo, Mrs. Franklyn! Don't you remember me? " So I just go on doing what the chauffeur tells me. Then suddenly I actually hear a tap-tap on one of the back windows and see the window rolling down. La Franklyn is evidently a good egg, thinks I to myself. She sticks a highly enameled fifty-year-old face over the door and says, " I know you, boy. Aren't you one of the hoodlums my son used to run with? "

" Yes, ma'am," I answers.

" I WISH I could remember your name. Don't tell me. The last name's Gorman, but your first name has me stuck. It was something very odd. Was it Greenleaf? "

" No, ma'am. And it wasn't Peach Blossom, either."

When I said that, the girl in the car with Mrs. Franklyn laughed and I looked at her. Once I'd looked I didn't care if Mrs. Franklyn kept me standing there playing guessing names all night. Cripes, I wish I had words to tell you about that girl! She weighed about ninety pounds, and she wasn't thin—she was just naturally tiny. She had eyes that were big and blue, and then for a climax there were long, long lashes. Her hair was very yellow and kind of silky-looking, and she wore it hanging down to her shoulders and it was all curly and jumbled-looking. She didn't have a hat, but she wore some kind of a blue scarf that tied all funny around her head, and honestly the effect of that bright blue and the yellow hair and all was dizzying. My God, she was pretty!

The old lady saw me giving the girl what you might call a thorough examination, and she says, " You must remember my daughter Glory."

I felt like saying, " No, but I always will after this." I managed to keep my mouth shut, though. I've learned in this business that cats are allowed to look at queens but that they're not supposed to get personal. The reason I didn't remember Glory well enough to place her was because when I ran around with Pete Franklyn she was a little bit of a widget who was always yelling, " Petie, supper's weady." Six years makes a lot of difference when you're a kid.

" Where's Pete now? " I asked Mrs. Franklyn after Glory and I had smiled at each other.

" Why, Peter's on a world cruise. He graduated from college last year and I sent him for a holiday before settling down to something. Too bad he isn't with us. I know he would like to see you. I wish I could think of your name, child," the old girl says. " I could have sworn it was Greenleaf."

Glory laughed again. " I'll bet it's Rumpelstilskin."

" No, dear," her mother says; " I'm sure it wasn't anything as odd as that."

Now the guy who's been sitting with them all this time chimes in. I haven't been giving him a tumble, but now I look at him and see that he's a pretty good specimen of the spat-bearing animal. He's kind of good-looking in a far-fetched way. His kind wouldn't be practical for everyday use, but for Sunday in the parlor he'd be your man. It dawns on me that he's this Dr. Larrick that the English outfit belonged to. And he's saying to Mrs. Franklyn, " Certainly the boy's name isn't Rumpelstilskin, Edna. Glory was joking. Rumpelstilskin was the storybook character to whom the queen had to forfeit

her child if she failed to guess his name. Don't you remember?"

Mrs. Franklyn laughed. "Well, if it's not Greenleaf I give up."

"It's Blackstone," I said. "People always called me Blacky. My mother wanted me to be a lawyer, so she named me Blackstone. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, certainly! I remember now. Stupid of me to forget. I don't often forget names. Well, I'll give you all our business, Blacky. I'm glad to have seen you again Open an account for me, will you?"

THE car rolled away then. I knew I ought to have delivered the Limey's message to the doctor, but I figured they'd find each other soon enough. Besides, I wasn't sold on the doctor. He was too fresh and uppish, the big stiff. Probably chasing Mrs. Franklyn for her money.

I remembered when the Franklyns had lived in the same row of houses with us in the Bronx. They hadn't been any different from my family. A nice apartment, plenty to eat, and the movies every night. They hadn't had any big car or French maids. Of course Mr. Franklyn had been in business for himself. He had owned trucks or tugboats or some damn' thing. Anyhow, after a while he did pretty good and they moved away. Old Franklyn got to be a big shot and got plenty rich, and kicked off. Then I never heard any more about them until the French maid had rolled up in the French flivver. I wondered what old man Franklyn would think if he could see the knockout of a daughter he had, the son who was taking a world cruise, and the little woman being pursued by a guy who had a valet. It made me laugh; because old man Franklyn used to have only one suit of clothes at a time and it always needed pressing. Maybe that's what made the old girl so keen on a guy who had a valet.

I thought quite a lot about the Franklyns as the day went along. Their arrival would make something for me to tell ma about in my next letter home. She'd probably fall over when I told her about old lady Franklyn taking on a boy friend. But I'd never dare tell the old lady or anybody else that Glory Franklyn made me think of a song I'd learned way back in the fifth grade in school. Some poet had written the words, and it was all about some kind of a bank where wild thyme grew and there were cowslips and nodding violets and all kinds of graceful gadgets like that around. The words never seemed to have any sense, but Glory Franklyn made them kind of seem as though they had. She was so little and slim and cute.

Marjory barged into the place around three o'clock for her usual afternoon call on me, and honest to God she looked as big as Carnero. After seeing Glory Franklyn and kind of thinking of her now and then I was a little scared of Marjory. She looked like an elephant.

SHE pulled her car up out of the way and came back to sit on the bench with me.

"Well, what's the news?" she says as she parks.

"I don't know. What's the news by you?"

"I'm on my way to Steels' to play bridge," Marjory says. "Outside of that I don't know anything exciting."

"Do you call that exciting? Going to Steels' to play bridge?"

"Oh, yes, I know something. Marlene Harlow has arrived in town."

"Who?"

"Marlene Harlow. That's not really her name, but she's got hair like Jean Harlow's and legs like Marlene Dietrich's—only they're miniature editions."

"You must mean Glory Franklyn."

"My descriptive powers are good, evidently."

"Well, not so very. In the first place, I didn't see Glory Franklyn's legs, and her hair isn't like Harlow's. Harlow's hair is damn' near white as I understand it. Where did you see Glory Franklyn?"

"She was in the store. Her trunks have not arrived yet and it is warm enough for a swim, so she picked up a suit and a cap. I happened to be there trying to dig an honest dollar out of my father when she walked in."

"I knew her when she was a kid. I used to run with her brother. Her mother's a good scout. She recognized me when they stopped here for gas today, and she tapped on the window and we had quite a talk."

"Now, that's a woman," Marjory says. "Can you imagine that for democracy? She spoke to you. My God, Blacky, that's fine!"

"Well, there's people who wouldn't have. Especially newly rich ones. We learn a lot in this game."

"What did you learn about the Franklyns?"

"Nothing much that I didn't know. Except that the old girl is being pursued by a youngish doctor. The competition has gotten so bad that gigolos need degrees nowadays, I guess."

"Aren't you nasty to spread such a report about Mrs. Franklyn and the handsome doctor?"

"Since when are you thumbs down on a bit of dirt?"

"Never was and never will be. Only I like good, clean, accurate dirt, and yours is just hearsay, beside the point, irrelevant, and the bunk. I haven't seen Mrs. Franklyn, but I've seen the doctor and I've seen the little half pint, and it's she that is engaged to be Mrs. Dr. Larrick and not her mother."

"You're crazy!"

"No doubt. But this is another matter. Glory Franklyn can hardly lift her left hand on account of the big diamond that she's wearing."

"That wouldn't prove anything. Maybe her mother bought it for her."

"I wouldn't doubt that either, but it's an engagement ring just the same."

"I think you'll find you're wrong, Marje."

"Well, maybe. But I distinctly heard she say to he, 'This is a cute town,' and he said to she, 'Maybe I can

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A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
Continued from page eleven

build up a practice here. Would you like that, darling?' And she said to he, 'I'm not sure I'd want to live here forever.' What do you make from that?"

"Look, Marje. If he was going to marry her mother they might have the same sort of conversation, mightn't they? If he were her stepfather she'd be living where he lived, wouldn't she?"

"Yes; but she wouldn't be thinking of it in terms of 'forever,' and he wouldn't say 'darling' in the way he said it, and he wouldn't have come along to help pick out a bathing suit, and anyhow what the hell do you care whether she's going to marry him or not? I believe this is a moment for jealousy, but I got it packed away where I can't get at it. I don't think I'd be jealous if I came upon you unexpectedly and found you giving another woman free gas."

"Aw, go on play bridge." Which she did.

Now, Marjory and I saw each other every night, of course. Sometimes we went to people's houses and played a little blackjack or rummy, and sometimes we went for a ride and indulged in some good competitive necking. But mainly we danced somewhere or went to the movies.

There's a lot of good places to dance around here. You know, road houses and even night clubs, just like they have in New York, with gyps and racketeers and everything. They're mostly supported by the New York trade, but every once in a while one of us natives feels like a sucker and we go give ourselves up. I never owned a tuxedo when I was a New Yorker, but I had to get one in order to rate down here.

Anyhow, on the special day which I'm still harping on I got to feeling like a sucker sometime after Marjory left. I got to thinking that maybe it would be cute to get all dolled up and go dancing at the Club Ciro, than which in these parts there is no whicher. I called Marjory about it and she seems kind of surprised, but she gives in. So when my help arrives to take over the station at six o'clock I go to the bungalow and, without the aid of a valet, I disguise myself as a gentleman.

I have a good car. I bought it from a guy who was doing very well until he got caught at it. He sold the car cheap and it's a dandy job. Marjory and I looked like Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Moneybags as we drove up to the Club Ciro for dinner.

We stayed there till about one o'clock. What with eating, dancing, and gambling, you can almost settle down in the Club Ciro; but one o'clock was late enough for me, because I'd been nicked sixty dollars' worth then and I was kind of getting over the sucker feeling. Besides, the silver flask Marjory had given me for Christmas was almost empty, and she had caught her heel in her skirt, and anyhow it was time to go. So we went.

WE rode five miles in silence, when suddenly I says to Marjory, "I don't think so much of that place, do you?"

She laughs and says, "Blacky, are you terribly disappointed? Honest, darling, did you expect them to go to the Club Ciro on their very first night in town?"

That got me kind of sore; so I didn't say any more to her till we're on the porch of her house, and then all I says is "Good night."

She grabs my hand and says, "Blacky, don't be mad. I'd have given anything to have seen them walk in. I hate for you to be disappointed. Honest, honey, you're just like a little kid when you're disappointed. You kept watching the entrance and kept watching it till I felt like running out and telephoning them to come. Blacky, honest to God, if I had any contact with the Franklyns I'd have them over every night just for you."

She was getting me madder and madder and I says, "I must seem like a prize damn' fool to you."

"No, honey, you don't. She's so cute and beautiful. I don't blame you for wanting to look at her and maybe dance with her. She's gorgeous. She's like every kid imagines a fairy queen would look. But, Blacky, don't be sulky and sore. Don't you see, you don't have to stall with me. I'll always know how things are because—well, because I love you. It's just as simple as that."

"I'm a sap, I suppose."

"Why? Because Glory Franklyn makes your heart go pitapat? You wouldn't be human if she didn't. She's exquisite. But let's talk about her and admit she's a big moment. My God, Blacky, don't start being a husband so soon. Let me in on things. You'll never do anything that I can't understand or forgive so long as you haven't tried to make a sap out of me."

She put her arms around my neck and kissed me, and her cheeks were wet and it made me feel sorry.

"What are you crying about, Marje?"

She made a funny little noise, because she was trying to laugh through her weeps. "I'm crying because I'm a big horse, I guess. I'll never look like a fairy queen to anybody—not even to my own kid. Blacky, *I* couldn't wear a size twelve bathing suit."

"Listen, Marjory, you're no slouch on looks, you know."

"Oh, I know, Blacky; but, hell, anybody could make good with all the material I've got. I'm just a big horse, but I'm a faithful one and for a lump of sugar now and then I'll do anything you say."

"YES, sure. You're a very humble creature. I holler and you do just what I say, don't you?"

"Not always, but that's because I'm still a little skittish. I'll get better as I get older. But—oh, Blacky, please tell me things! I can stand anything except having you try to kid me."

I told her a lot of things then. Things that girls like to hear—even girls who handle an automobile like a man does and who brag that they're not afraid of anything on earth. There's no occasion for me repeating what I said to her. Every girl's heard it before and every man's said it. I suppose I sound like a dirty two-timer when I say that I poured sweet nothings into Marjory's ear all the time that I was thinking about cowslips and nodding violets and Glory Franklyn. But such is not the case at all. Me and Marjory were on a porch together and I had my arms around her and we were engaged to be married. Glory Franklyn was in a hundred-thousand-dollar house blocks away from me with her mother and Dr. Larrick. Here was I and there was she.

Do the guys who'd give half their lives for an hour with Norma Shearer feel guilty when they tell their sweeties how much they love them? Of course not. Those kind of crushes that nothing can ever come of don't interfere with a fellow's real life. And I didn't feel as though I wanted anything to interfere with mine. Marjory was swell and I was lucky to have a girl like her sappy over me. I kissed her a lot of times and told her I was a fool and she was an angel, and then we split up for the night.

"I won't be over to see you tomorrow afternoon," she says. "I'm driving mama down to Aunt Florence's. I'll see you in the evening, huh?"

"Sure thing. I'll be over around seven thirty."

"Come to dinner, will you?"

"O. K."

"I'll tell mama you'll be here. Make it six thirty, Blacky."

"All right."

It was around four o'clock that afternoon when I saw the French road flea cavorting down the road in my direction. My first thought was that there was something the little froggy maid had forgotten to tell me and she was on her way to catch up. But then I get a flash of golden hair and I see it's Miss Franklyn herself who is approaching with more speed than skill and wham! she socks into my bench and comes to a stop. "I'm sorry," she says.

"Oh, that's all right. It's a good thing, though, that I was taught to stand up when a lady approaches. I'd probably be smeared all over the place if I'd stayed there."

She laughs and says, "Honestly I am sorry even though I can't help laughing." She lets me get a big look into those shiny blue eyes of hers and she says, "You do say such funny things."

I look at the car. I know it can't need gas again—not unless somebody's been drinking out of the tank.

"What can I do for you?" I ask her.

"Why, the brakes aren't acting right. I can't stop swiftly. I thought you might take a look at them."

"All right," I said. "If you think that will do any good."

"Well, of course just looking at them wouldn't help."

"That's all I could do, Miss Franklyn. You see, I'm not a mechanic. You'd have to go to a garage for that. I'm just a big oil and gas man."

"Oh," she says and looks thoughtful. "Well, perhaps I won't bother about them just now. I don't think they're in very bad shape. I just thought as long as I was out I might as well have them seen to. You and Pete were good friends, weren't you? I think I remember you."

"Really?"

"I'm sure of it. You were always so big and strong-looking. I'm such a runt I'll probably go through life admiring magnificent shoulders and strong arms."

"Well," I says, "them's the breaks, kid."

I wasn't thinking much what I was saying and felt kind of embarrassed when I realized that I had called her "kid." I was glad that another car arrived at that moment with a thirsty tank. When I got through fixing it up I found that Glory was still there.

"Where are all your folks today?" I says to her.

"Mother's lying down—she has a dreadful headache. And Dr. Larrick went back to New York this morning to put in a few hours' work. He'll be along shortly, I suppose." She sighed.

"What's so sad?"

"Oh, lots of things."

"Go on. It's a swell world."

"Is it? I really hadn't noticed. I wish Pete were home."

"You miss him a lot?"

"No; he's not much, but he's somebody to talk to."

Now, I mean, after all, there's a limit to everything. I could have been the perfect filling-station attendant with an expressionless face and I could have "Yes, miss-ed" her to death and forgotten that I knew the Franklyns when. But it was plain that she didn't want things on that footing, and I wasn't one to insist on being treated like a filling-station guy.

I SAID, "You might try talking to me."

"Not when you say it that way," she said. "You mustn't murmur at me. Speak right up. Don't croon at me."

"Who crooned at you?"

"You did. You sounded like Rudy Vallée singing 'Deep Night.' I don't like that. I'm not in the market for romance."

"Neither am I."

"Oh, no? Married?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"Yes."

"So am I. I'm engaged to Dr. Larrick."

"I know you are."

"How did you know?"

"This is a small town, my child. Even gas tanks have ears."

"What kind of girl are you engaged to?" she asked me. I had to laugh at the way she asked. She was so damn' cute. Just like a kid demanding another story.

"A nice girl," I said.

"Is she pretty?"

"Very."

"Then you have somebody to talk to when you feel miserable, haven't you?"

"Sure. So have you."

"Who? Dr. Larrick? Oh, you stupid boy, couldn't you tell what kind of person he was on sight?"

"He looked all right to me."

"You're a liar. He didn't. I could tell what you thought about him. Only you don't know the worst. How would you like to be around somebody who's always psychoanalyzing you and telling you that you have phobias and complexes and fixations? Would you like it if you always felt like case number two hundred and twelve?"

"I don't get you."

"Nobody else seems to, either," she said. And then, for no reason at all, she lays her head against the steering wheel and starts to cry. For a second I just stand quiet and dumb, thinking that maybe she'd like it better if I pretend that I don't notice anything out of the ordinary. Then I remember that when she feels better she's going to be sorry that she made a scene out on the main road. So I says to her, "Come on, kid, pull yourself together." She don't give me a tumble and I don't know what else to say. I thought of, "Hey, snap out of it," but I didn't think that would do.

NOW, of course, I got that little two-by-four house in back of the pumps where I do my bookkeeping and sit around on cold days. It's always full of oily rags and flat tires and things like that, but it has got a chair and it's a little less public than the main road. So I get the kid in there. I get her a drink of water and I say things like "Oh, come on, girlie" and "Please don't cry" and—you know—all that kind of stuff to her. But she goes to pieces plenty and sobs like mad.

It was a tough half hour I had on account of people always driving up for gas and wanting to chat for a while. I was dizzy running back and forth, snatching up a rag here to wipe a windshield and a handkerchief there to wipe Glory's eyes. When I had the rag I'd say, "Nice day, isn't it?" and when I had the handkerchief I'd say, "Come on, girlie, pull yourself together." Once I spoke about the weather to Glory, and lost Mrs. Homer Stafford's business by saying to her, "Come on, kid, you better scram home now. It looks bad."

Anyhow, in time the kid starts to get calmer. She says, "Oh, I'm sorry to wish all this on you, but I'm so miserable!" And then we're off again. Rag and handkerchief, rag and handkerchief. It wasn't so bad this time, however. I'd seen it worse. She was the kind of girl who could cry without getting her nose and eyes red, and she looked so little and pathetic all the time that she was crying. The worst of it was that I didn't know what it was all about. She looked so little and helpless that I'd have done almost anything at all for her. I kind of hoped that there would be a few things that I could do, beginning with a crack at the doctor.

I was just beginning to find out where the main trouble lay when the little door opens and there's Dr. Clinton Larrick himself. He shuts the door behind him and stands right in line with all the other flat tires and says to Glory, "I saw your car and figured you must be in here."

"Yes," she says as though she was very tired. "Here I am."

He doesn't look sore, like a fellow ought to look when he finds his sweetie closed in in a little house with another guy. The scene didn't have such a good look about it, either. Here's the kid sitting in a chair dabbing at her eyes with my handkerchief, and me spilled all over the arm of the chair talking soft and soothing. By all laws it should have looked like a little necking was being done in those quarters. But the doctor is smiling pleasantly and taking it like I never heard of any guy taking it before.

He says, "Gorgeous day, isn't it? I suppose this weather makes excellent business for you, eh, Gorman? Everybody in the world seems to be out driving."

I agree that the weather's good. Much as I dislike the guy, I had to admit that he was right about that. Then

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A CHANCE AT HEAVEN
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he says to the kid, "Shall we run along now and go for a swim?"

He struck me kind of funny when he says that, because he reminded me of a customer of mine who's a funny old maid who runs a kindergarten. But, by jingo, it worked. Glory gets up and says good-by to me and takes the air. I follow them out and watch the doctor get his chauffeur to take the French car home while he and Glory hop in the big car. The doctor does the driving, I notice. She waves to me as they pull out, and I wave back. Dr. Larrick smiles friendly enough and away they go.

A hundred feet or so beyond the station a little yellow mutt runs out of some tall grass and begins to gallop across the road right in front of the French car. The French car stops. It stops suddenly. The chauffeur's evidently a guy with feelings for little yellow mutts and the French car's evidently a car with good brakes. I go back to my bench thinking about things in a big way.

I'm sitting there about fifteen minutes, except for the usual interruptions, when all of a sudden I look up and there's Dr. Larrick back again, minus Glory. He says, "Oh, Gorman, did you notice a little package about? I think I left a couple of books when I was here before."

"No," I says, "you didn't. You didn't have a thing in your hand when you came in here."

"Didn't I? I could have sworn I left them here. They're probably somewhere else. I'll find them. Oh, by the way, I wanted to have a word with you." He looks kind of uncomfortable for a minute; then he says, "I don't want you to misunderstand about this afternoon."

"What do you mean—misunderstand?"

"Nothing insulting to either you or Miss Franklyn. It's just that, although I said nothing about it at the time, I was fully aware of what was happening when I arrived this afternoon."

"And what was happening?"

"She was crying and you were trying to comfort her."

That kind of took me down a peg. I didn't expect he'd say that.

"She's highly excitable," he continued. "Her nerves are unsteady. She's imaginative to an alarming degree and dramatizes herself and all situations to such an extent that hysteria is almost a weekly occurrence. She ought not to be left alone for an hour. Had I known that her mother was going to be indisposed today I should never have left town."

"And?" says I.

"I JUST wanted you to know that Glory Franklyn is to be pitied only because she is not well and not for any reasons she may have given you or left you to surmise."

"It's none of my business, is it?"

"She made it your business when she came flying to you the minute she was left alone. Of course she did that because you're the only one she knows in town. Your having known her brother made you a logical audience for one of her scenes. I felt that I owed it to Miss Franklyn and myself to explain that she regarded you only as an audience."

"You mean she faked all those tears?"

"Certainly not. She hypnotizes herself into believing she's persecuted and then the hysterics follow. It's a common condition prevalent in women. I hope to have her cured before long. And, oh, another thing, Gorman. I don't want her driving the car. Whenever you see her driving I'd thank you to call the house and let us know."

"Look here, doctor. Are you telling me that the Franklyn girl is nuts?"

"Nuts? Oh, you mean insane? Certainly not! That is, not more so than you or I. Everyone has a mental kink which if tormented would cause insanity. No; I'm glad to say that Miss Franklyn is perfectly normal save for these spells which I shall eventually cure. I just wanted you to be aware of the circumstances and to understand today's curious little occurrence. Please say nothing to the townsfolk about it."

"O. K.," I said, but to myself I added, "Except Marjory."

"As a matter of fact, it won't happen again," the doctor says. "I'm not going up to New York again unless I take her with me. She's not going to be alone again all summer."

"Well," says I, "you probably know best, but that wouldn't do my nerves any good. I like a little loneliness every once in a while."

He smiled very uppishly. "She doesn't," he said. "She likes to be with me, and I shall see that she is for the rest of the summer." He went then, leaving me hot as a stove. There'd been a little too much personal digs, I thought, mixed up with his explanation of Glory's case.

I told Marjory all about it that night after dinner while she and I were driving over to the movies. She listened but didn't say much till after I'd finished. Then she says: "Well, I don't know anything about nerves, not having any myself, but the whole thing is kind of tricky. He can give her trouble any one of those fancy names that doctors have, but all boiled down it amounts to this: she doesn't love him, she's a damned spoiled kid, and she's got a terrible crush on you."

"BALONEY!" says I. "I was just an audience."

"That's what he says, but she didn't want you to be an audience. She wanted you to climb right up on the stage and act with her—preferably the love scene."

"Go on—she'd drop dead if I even touched her hand."

Marjory sighed. "You men are funny, Blacky. You think she's some kind of a far-away goddess who doesn't eat or drink or do anything that common humans do, and you get a kick out of thinking that she's too perfect to let a man kiss her. You kiss me, Blacky, and you raise hell if I'm not responsive. What's the answer?"

"Oh, Marjory, she's just like a kid. I don't think of her that way."

"All right, Blacky; I'll try to understand."

"I won't see her any more, anyhow. He's going to be with her every minute from now on, and that'll be that."

Marjory laughed. "Blacky, the girl's got a case on you. She's human enough to have cases and she has one on you. There's something about you that kind of knocks us ladies for a loop. She might have been crazy when she came here, but she's sane now. I'd shoot holes in anyone who tried to stop me from seeing you, and I know she's not going to let anybody tell her you're out of the day's routine."

"Just because you're crazy enough to love me, Marjory, doesn't prove—"

"Oh, I know. She's different—she's not like me. She's got reticences and delicacy. But she'll be back to tell you the rest of the story!"

"I'd like to see her get away from old Doc Yak."

"I know you would, Blacky. Well, don't worry. She will. I don't know anything about mental cases, but I'm an authority on just plain cases."

Marjory didn't come to see me early next day. I was expecting her, but she didn't come. I wasn't expecting Glory, but she drove up just the same.

She slammed into the air pump and says, "Oh, I'm sorry. Look, Blacky, I have some snapshots here of Peter in Egypt that I thought you might like to see."

She jumps out of the car and walks straight toward the bench as though she's used to sitting there and plants herself like that side of the bench belongs to her. It's Marjory's side and I kind of hate to see the kid sitting there. I know the whole town is going to see her and make wise cracks to Marjory about me taking on another bench-sitter, and it's going to hurt Marjory.

So I says to the kid, "Come on inside." and we go in the little house just like we'd done the day before. Only today is different. . . . When the door opens this time, it's not Dr. Larrick. It's Marjory!

Here's a situation highly explosive. Next week you'll learn whether or not it blows up.

Peace *at a* Price

Pictures by CLYDE PRETTYMAN

The Shifting Conditions that Have Given the United States World Leadership and What it Will Cost Us to Maintain It

By JAY FRANKLIN

(Reading time: 13 minutes 45 seconds.)

THE oldest trick in politics is to prevent trouble at home by making trouble abroad. The old formula to avoid a revolution is to wage a foreign war. The new American scheme is to distract the voters' attention from depression at home by pursuing world peace in a violent and unequivocal manner. So it happens that world peace is going to be an issue in the 1932 election; not that we will do anything about it, but that the American people feel convinced that they have a monopoly on good intentions and can, somehow or other, persuade the other nations to behave themselves in a thoroughly moral manner.

Never in our history have we been willing to pay the price of organized world peace, which is responsibility and self-control. We will never consent, at the request of other nations, to scrap one single American policy—tariff, immigration, or prohibition—that makes for international ill will, and we will not pledge our wealth and lives to maintain such peace as exists outside of our sacred borders. Aside from that, we are all for peace, disarmament, and good will among men.

The thousands of nice, well meaning people throughout the country who believe in peace have votes, and it is worth while to please them. The pacifist racket is thoroughly organized and is in tune with the churches. We are never at a loss for ideals so long as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Raymond Leslie Buell and Jimmy Macdonald of the Foreign Policy Association, Professor Shotwell and the Carnegie Foundation, Barney Baruch and the Institute of Politics, Laura Morgan, Dorothy Detzer, the Bok Foundation, the World Peace Foundation, the League of Nations Association, and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, Inc., are on the job. This is a pity, because, while ideals are all right, professional idealism is dangerous. Under the moral impact of these worthy propagandists and institutions a gratuitous idealism has been one of our most conspicuous exports to the rest of the world, ever since the world discovered that we had money to lend.

It is also a pity, because professional idealism, when trained on the many deplorable conditions outside of our borders, distracts our attention from the need for reform at home. There are people who weep more for one Russian refugee than for ninety-nine starving American coal miners, and who shed hotter tears for one massacred Armenian than for a hundred lynched American Negroes. There are people who worry more about the size of the French army than about the number of American unemployed, and who regard the solvency of the German Reichsbank as more important than the solvency of the United States Treasury.

This is the practical effect of the organized peace-minded groups upon American affairs. In 1932 they are to have their innings.

Never was world peace threatened so opportunely as today. The Japanese are making themselves more or less comfortable in Manchuria; in Latin America one revolution succeeds another and one bond issue after another is defaulted; eastern and central Europe are in ferment;

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PEACE AT A PRICE
Continued from page fifteen

France, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy are in the grip of nationalism; Soviet Russia looms like a thunderhead to the east and profits by the bickerings of the capitalistic world. We alone are pure; we alone are disinterested; we alone are peaceful and peace-loving—we think. And all the time, for all the yelps of the Navy League, our cruisers slip down the ways, our aircraft drone through the heavens, our chemical warfare service improves our gases and explosives, and our economic and financial grip on the destinies of mankind is tightened.

So we press forward to a disarmament conference which pretends that you can remove the causes of war by attacking the means of warfare, and the cares of the world wrinkle the brows of the apple-cheeked boys in the State Department who have discovered that the road to diplomatic advance in America lies through the hot and continuous pursuit of international disarmament.

How long has this been going on? Wilson began it with his war to end war and its logical result in a peace to end peace. Europe's outstanding and typical problem, the Polish Corridor, with its threat of war or revolution, is the direct result of Wilson's single-handed fight to give Poland an outlet to the sea through German territory. One is amazed at America's official indifference to the solution of this and a dozen other bitter European controversies in the making of which our diplomacy played a very large part.

Nevertheless, since the Treaty of Versailles we have been the world's great holier-than-thou. We held the Washington Arms Conference of 1921-22, the Geneva Naval Armament Limitation Conference of 1927, the London Naval Arms Conference of 1930. We promoted the "settlement" of German Reparations by the Dawes Plan in 1924, the Young Plan in 1929, and the Basel Conference in 1931. Now we are preparing, with great moral flag-flapping, to make the Kellogg Pact of 1928 and the Manchurian row of 1931 an issue in an election of ours, and to demand that Europe proceed with a disarmament agreement which will resurrect every European quarrel of the last twenty years.

The joke of it is that, in the meantime, there has been a political revolution in the United States. The Republicans who were elected in 1920 on a nationalistic "America First!" platform are now in full cry after international coöperation; while the Democrats, who were for the League of Nations in 1920, are now adopting nationalism as a party policy. As the mass of our people are violent nationalists without knowing it, the Republicans have got on the unpopular side of the issue.

THE American people really do not care a damn for Europe. They mistrust Japan—the Yellow Peril—and they have been taught to suspect Soviet Russia—the Red Menace—in the Far East, but they aren't prepared to bleed and die for peace in China or in Europe, and they bitterly resent the occasional necessity to bleed and die for peace in Central America and the Caribbean. In a showdown, Americans would vote for isolation in preference to any kind of world peace that demanded their active physical support.

Hence, when any practical test is made of any of the Great Moral Urges which inspire our statesmen and inflate our Foreign Policy Association, Congress gives the show away. The World Court is out of practical American politics. Our membership in the League of Nations is still an utter impossibility. Disarmament conferences have succeeded only to the extent to which we were prepared to limit our own means of defense; no other great power has been significantly weakened as a result of all our peace palaver. The war debts—the only brutal means we had of enforcing our will on our European rivals—have been frittered away in controversy and in diplomacy. The Hoover moratorium and the attempted financial rescue of central Europe leave as their net result the spectacle of indignant American taxpayers called upon to assume the burden of Europe's ten-billion-dollar debt to our Treasury. The Republican administration stole the stale Democratic thunder and ran away with the "international issue"; if they are not careful, they will still be running on Election Day.

It is a pity that both parties will play domestic politics with our foreign policy, for the course of American diplomacy—though unpopular at home and bewildering abroad—has been leading us straight to world power. In the name of the highest principles, uttering impeccable platitudes, refining our actions with a Pharisaical expertness, we have been walking delicately toward the greatest measure of real power ever enjoyed by a modern nation, very much as a cat approaches a canary.

We have been washing our hands of the Caribbean, withdrawing our marines from Haiti and Nicaragua, explaining away the Monroe Doctrine, and establishing decent and tolerant relations with Mexico. In Manchuria we have dimly sensed the possibility of calling the Red World into existence to redress the balance of the Yellow. We made a friendly gesture toward Russia in 1930, and in 1931 we tried to keep the peace between Japan and China. If the communists were not such damn' fools and we were not so set in our opinions, we could have restored friendly relations with the Russian government at any time in the last three years. But with Russia reading a war plot into the wheat purchases of the Federal Farm Board, and with our armchair conservatives reading a revolutionary plot into Russian exports of grain and timber, there has been no chance of sane coöperation between the world's two great federal republics.

UNTIL there is such coöperation, world peace does not stand a chance; even without it, American policy has helped preserve Russian rights, while the existence of Russia has aided American policy in Europe and in Asia.

The vital, and least appreciated, phase of our practical world policy has been our attempt to support the British Empire and to share in its destinies and in its profits. No policy could be less popular in either the United States or in the empire.

Two proud, stubborn, and pugnacious peoples are involved, not counting the Irish—two nations which have done each other dirt and profited by each other's difficulties, turn and turn about, for a hundred and fifty years. Yet when the historian of the future unravels the secret history of this present age, of the financial coöperation, double-crossing and skullduggery, of the oil and debt and naval squabbles, of the Bank of England and Federal Reserve operations, of the decline of sterling and the attack on our gold reserves, of the British and American and dominion tariffs, he can only conclude that here is no ordinary antipathy.

Deeper than the instinct to profit at each other's expense is the American desire to rescue and to control, financially, the British Empire; equally deep is the corresponding British desire to isolate and to control, politically, the United States of America. On the British side are generations of skilled statesmanship, prestige, and a world-wide empire; on our side is the simple fact that we contain the bulk of the wealth and of the population of the English-speaking world. Where the communist, the nationalist, and the internationalist see two groups of Anglo-Saxons fighting each other, the realist sees two groups, each trying to preserve and to control the other's resources.

Hence the real international issue of 1932 is not German reparations or European disarmament; not Russian propaganda or peace in Manchuria. The real problem is whether the British of the United Kingdom can throw into the scales against America the British of the dominions, circumscribe our influence and cripple our trade with the empire, and thus force us into the British line-up in world affairs. From the American point of view, the question is whether we can maintain our new-found independence of British capital and British trade, and then attract into our own orbit the British dominions which share our language and our political heritage. This is no war to the death; it is almost a love affair. It is peace in its most virile and intimate form. On the solution of this issue depends the Americanization of the British Empire or the partnership of the United States, as an unofficial dominion, in the British commonwealth of nations.

You can't dramatize a fact like that in an American election. Whether we are to inherit the British Empire, as we inherited the Spanish Empire, is too big a question to be discussed in American party politics. Neither side dares avow, if it even recognizes, its motives. Tariffs and loans, dollars and sterling, ships and films and bills of lading and lecturers and propagandists, these are the counters in this unique and unsuspected struggle between the nation of shopkeepers and the nation of salesmen to determine which shall be the senior partner in the coming economic merger of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Logical Latins, dogmatic communists, will not understand what is happening Prophecies of war and of alliances will be cooked up on the theory that the British and Americans are, of economic necessity, destined to be enemies. Our own idealists and alarmists will see in this fact a grave menace to peace, and all sorts of wild statements will be made by college professors. But Latins, alarmists, idealists, and communists will deceive themselves if they imagine that this rivalry will lead to bloodshed. In any crisis, America and the British Empire will stand together against the world, no matter how much they may hate doing so.

UNDER such conditions, our policy of peace—loudly proclaimed and diligently sought after in every diplomatic cupboard and under every political sofa—is the best policy we could possibly follow. We aren't going to fight for world power, because we don't need to fight for it. It's headed in our direction. At the same time, we must let others see that we are pure in heart, so that it will be difficult for our rivals to label us as a military or naval menace, as Germany was labeled in the years of her rise to power. We must also see that our powers of defense are strong enough so that only a big coalition could beat us. As coalitions are formed by fear rather than greed, so long as we prattle about the beauties of disarmament and continue to watch our step, none of the great powers will fear us, though they may all despise us. World contempt is a high price to pay for world peace, but it is not prohibitive if it leads to world power.

Whether world power will be a satisfactory substitute for American prosperity is difficult to determine. As the strain of hard times continues, it will be hard to resist the temptation to take short cuts to what we want. As we feel the pressure of the unofficial British boycott of American

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to Whiten Your Teeth—No More Useless Brushing

I WOULD LIKE TO MEET THAT GIRL YOU JUST SPOKE TO
NO, YOU WOULDN'T! HER TEETH ARE DINGY, YELLOW AND DIRTY LOOKING

Use this simple technique that actually removes yellow and stain... teeth whiten 3 shades in 3 days

Science has made remarkable discoveries in cleaning teeth. And the average person can now have white, attractive teeth in just a few days.

You can prove it to yourself. Stop useless brushing and start using a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, twice a day. Overnight your teeth look nicer. And in 3 days they are fully 3 shades whiter!

There is a definite reason why Kolynos cleans and whitens teeth so remarkably. It is a double-strength dental cream—unlike anything you've ever used—that contains two important ingredients. One—the best and safest cleansing agent known—literally foams into and cleans out every tiny crevice, erases tartar and removes yellowish acid spots. And the second ingredient strikes at the source of most tooth and gum troubles. It kills millions of germs—190 million in 15 seconds, according to tests—that swarm into the mouth and, if allowed to remain, cause decay, discoloration and gum diseases.

Thus teeth are scientifically cleaned right down to the natural white enamel without injury. The gums are stimulated and the mouth is left cleaner and fresher.

Decide to have sound, gleaming white teeth and healthy gums. AND SAVE MONEY, TOO. Kolynos lasts twice the usual time because you use half as much. And in 3 days a glance will tell you why this dental cream is winning thousands of new users every day... your teeth will look 3 shades whiter! Try a tube of Kolynos—buy some today.

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

ONE TUBE OUTLASTS TWO TUBES OF ORDINARY PASTE

PEACE AT A PRICE
Continued from page seventeen

goods, we may be driven to violence or to compromise. As the full weight of the British propaganda against Americans and American civilization spreads through the empire, through Europe, through South America, through Asia, and even into Russia, we may be betrayed into foolish explanations or childish bitterness. We may, if goaded sufficiently, be tempted to strike out at some small and offensive nation, in an attempt to expand our trade or our influence, and so be tricked into a new spasm of "imperialism" which will definitely put us back into second place.

But if we grin and bear it, if we keep our heads and our tempers, the British may be the first to weaken, and then we will discover that we dominate the economic life of the greatest political organization in human history.

The election of 1932 will not make much difference to the final outcome of this struggle to win the peace of the twentieth century. If the Republicans are beaten, it means that the party pledged to economic nationalism has been displaced, but it will be at the cost of direct American participation in world politics.

The Democrats of 1932 are political nationalists, and this fact will hamper any inclinations toward economic internationalism.

The great danger of a Democratic administration is that it may start a fresh series of interventions and imperialistic adventures in the Caribbean and in South America, which would play into the hands of our rivals for the trade of the American republics. If the Republicans win, they will maintain the tariff and financial system which is slowly giving us the mastery, despite colossal blunders and losses, but their policy of coöperation with the League of Nations, which is the symbol of their readiness to compromise with European politics, will also be maintained. This means that much of what the Republicans gain through economic Sinn Feinism will be lost through diplomatic inexperience.

Either way, the process will go on and on until we are ready to make our final decision as to whether we shall control or be controlled by the British Empire.

The war gave us power and the peace is giving us intelligence. Except where power and intelligence are linked, you have chaos. What we need from the modern world is a peace which will give us time, time to learn, time to develop the brains with which to use our resources to our best advantage.

Hence we are all for peace, peace at any price which does not include the subordination of our power to the will of others or the abdication of our intelligence.

We are finding it difficult to obtain peace on these terms, for if we do not know what it is all about, other nations do.

That is why peace is an important issue in our politics, but we can't say so in any terms which make sense to an intelligent man.

THE END

In next week's issue—

Can Mussolini Keep These Royal Lovers Apart?

By

Princess Radziwill

The inside story of Princess Maria of Italy and Archduke Otto of Austria

Also stories and articles by
Philip Wylie — Robert Andrews — Hugh Fullerton — Will James — Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. — Daniel Rochford

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TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Massachusetts?
2—What is the source of "The pen is mightier than the sword"?
3—What is the highest peak in the Alps?
4—Who has been called the father of medicine?
5—What is a shallop?
6—Where did Venus de Milo get its name?
7—What is a snath?
8—In what country is polo said to have originated?
9—What is the largest city in the southern hemisphere?
10—What is a zany?
11—Where is the University of Georgia?
12—What amendment to the Constitution provides for the income tax?
13—What is the opposite of centrifugal force?
14—What is the meaning of the Italian phrase *sotto voce?*
15—How many comprise the President's cabinet?
16—What is a pibroch?
17—What is strabismus?
18—What is an olla-podrida?
19—Who is Queen of the Netherlands?
20—What is a griffin?

(Answers will be found on page sixty-five)

The idea that Dill's Best Tobacco is America's Best is spread by real pipe-smokers—men who spend enough time smoking to know what they are talking about.

Governor Roosevelt.

Acme photo

I *Can Be* Governor *—But Could I Be A Shipping Clerk?*

Defenseless Age Presents the Strongest Argument for Unemployment Insurance

By FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York

(Reading time: 2 minutes 15 seconds.)

ONE class out of employment receives scant sympathy. Yet it is composed of those men and women who deserve perhaps the greatest sympathy and understanding and assistance beyond any "temporary" depression.

I refer to those who were the victims of improved manufacturing and selling processes even before the bottom fell out of industry and business. They were those whose top age of employment used to be sixty-five to seventy years, but whose limit of employment is now from forty-five to fifty years of age.

I am fifty. I consider myself at the peak of whatever ability I may have acquired. But if I were to seek employment, even in boom times, upon a basis of equality with other average men of fifty I should have the greatest difficulty.

I could be the governor of a state but I could not be a shipping clerk—for a growing number of employers, even in the best of times, are hiring only the younger men.

In times of depression the older men and women are the first, not the last, to go. That this is a human problem which has been with us for a long period is obvious—but no government which refuses to consider the sufferings of these people really merits support. Only 10 per cent of all the present unemployment, including this special group, is the fault of the worker.

If we cannot take care of those who know depression all the time, we cannot hope to do anything practical for the greater mass of those who are subject to unemployment in times like the present. This is a part of the whole problem of unemployment. I feel it is the first part, not only because we should protect defenseless age before youth.

In New York State we have put through an Old Age Security Law, applying to persons of seventy years of age and over. It gives them aid, half paid by the state and half by the county, and allows them to live in their own homes. It is a first step. But the law sets up no machinery to create an insurance fund to make the plan self-supporting.

Unemployment insurance is a sound business policy. It will come just as surely as we have come to workmen's compensation for industrial injury.

Its details must be worked out to avoid a dole—which encourages idleness and defeats its own purpose. It must be developed so that its cost is not met out of current revenues of government. It is obvious that it must be placed upon an actuarial basis—that is to say, permanently self-financing—and that contributions must be made by the workers and the employers themselves.

All this is possible. Unemployment insurance should be an immediate concern of government.

Franklin D Roosevelt

Another of this series of articles on matters of state by Governor Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

River of Gold

The Story of a Quest for Treasure and the Curse of a Stolen Bride

By GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

(Reading time: 19 minutes 40 seconds.)

SENORES, have you not heard the story of those two *Americanos,* Joe and Jim Sunday, who came to Venezuela from the Estado of Colorado, and found the love of madonnas and the gold of the devil in the Orinoco jungle?

Carramba, but you must hear it!

Twins they were, these brothers, red as new rust, tall as two palm trees, and strong as bulls of the savannas, and they kept a general store many hundred leagues up the Orinoco, in San Fernando, where there is much trade with the Indians for rubber.

They gave me a job—I, Alfredo Delgado, son of Don Alfredo Matiz y Delgado of Cadiz, Spain, and Maria Soledad of Ciudad Bolivar, Venezuela—as their helper and house boy.

Never shall I forget the first morning I brought the coffee to their bedroom. Inside was an earthquake. Opening the door, I saw the brothers, naked as when born, battling like a pair of crocodiles in the Orinoco mud.

"*Por la Madre de Dios!*" I cried, dropping the coffee.

Joe, the happy one, shouted: "We are not fighting, kid; only boxing. Good exercise in this damn' rainy season."

That they never fought was true until, strangely enough, the visit of the good Padre Paulo.

This priest was very old, very holy, and *muy simpatico.* More than half his life he had been missionary to the Orinoco Indians. His parish was Orizaba, a city four days' ride across the prairies from San Fernando. Though the Sunday brothers had little or no religion, they and the old padre became good friends.

So, four or five days before the last Feast of the Assumption, the holy man was paddled up to the wharf of the general store by six Zollo Indians. Do you know the Zollos? They belong to the tribe that many explorers call "white." No, they are not cannibals, as many think, but they do hate outsiders.

One night after dinner the gay Joe asked:

"How many years have you lived among the Zollos, Father Paul?"

"Forty rainy seasons this coming Feast of St. Francis," nodded the padre. "They are my children in God."

As if his mind were afar, Jim said: "Ever see any quartz—indications of gold—in the Zollo country? They say that there's a river—"

"In Orizaba," evaded Padre Paulo, sheathing his eyes as does the owl against the sun, "I have a splendid cathedral, but the dome—a copy of St. Peter's in Rome—remains unfinished. Like a queen uncrowned. It needs gold to finish it to the glory of God, and nightly I pray—"

Abruptly Jim interrupted, and there was the slightest tremble in his deep voice:

"But, father, I've seen gold dust—a Guajibo Indian had some—on my last trip into their rubber forest—"

Again Padre Paulo sheathed his eyes and turned to me. "More coffee, my son," he said. And as I filled his cup I heard him murmuring Latin. Then, a dull flush staining his withered cheek, he asked pardon of Jim and Joe for whispering to himself. "My friends, a warning spoken by the good St. Francis of Assisi, patron of my order, flashed through my mind, and my lips repeated it. 'Man,' said St. Francis, 'heapeth gold on gold, only to die. Woe unto him who shares not his gold with the Church, which never dies!'"

"Fair enough!" smiled Joe.

"Sugar, please, Alfredo," said our holy guest, putting down his tasted coffee. I had forgotten it. Ashamed, I handed him a white domino of the sweetening. Snap! He had broken it into two halves, one of which he pushed toward Jim, whose eyes grew large and suddenly greedy. I read in them what had also come in my mind: "Sugar" in colloquial Spanish means "gold."

Pictures by
Robert A. Cameron

But not a word was spoken as the two men dropped their half dominoes in coffee and drank, but I saw that the padre's eyes were sheathed again.

Joe cracked his knuckles, a trick of his when excited.

"Millions of pesetas must be found to build the dome for my cathedral," said the priest at last in a tone that he would use on the altar. "Who will help me gather so much gold?"

"Count on us, Father Paul," swore Jim softly.

"On us," echoed Joe.

It was like a living page from the Thousand and One Nights. But glorious beyond words were the maidens bathing in that water.

"Without wrong, my sons," adjured the padre.

The Sunday brothers pledged their word. Under his breath I heard the little old holy man sigh:

"I wonder—I wonder!"

II

NEXT morning, early, Jim gave me orders. "Alfredo, we're taking a trip upriver. Stow aboard the Swamp Angel grub enough for the three of us, say, for two weeks. We're going after flamingo and egrets."

"*Si, señor,*" I said and hiding my face so that it won't show that I knew neither flamingos nor egrets have good feathers during the rainy season.

"Also, make up a box of five-and-ten stuff—rings, brooches, beads, and other junk. Presents, you know, for the Indians we trade with for rubber."

Busy with the food and trinkets, I was yet aware that the good Padre Paulo and the red twins were talking quietly together.

At the wharf the three shook hands American fashion, very strong. And when the six Zollo Indians paddled the priest out in the current to cross the Orinoco to return to his Orizaba parish, he raised his hand in a final blessing.

Even without the gleam of gold tempting, the Sunday brothers would have been glad to close up the store and leave the key with Francisco the Frenchman, who was always drunk but always honest. For business had been terrible, with rubber, egret feathers, crocodile skins, and tonka beans bringing the lowest prices in ten years.

Too, I was most happy to go. But not for gold. No. I had read in an ancient Spanish book by Don Diego Ortiz,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

RIVER OF GOLD
Continued from page twenty-one

the explorer, about the Zollo Indian maidens, beautiful as Madonnas, and I had long dreamed of them. Surely it was right, señores, for a man of twenty-three, like me, to dream of lovely women, and if they also dwelt in an enchanted forest—ah!

If any river is enchanted with beauty and horror, it is the Orinoco, as it crawls a thousand miles across the green savannas.

I saw the brothers, naked as when born, battling like a pair of crocodiles in the Orinoco mud.

Past the Rapids of Death, where the Swamp Angel was almost wrecked, we raced.

The following day we sped through the Guajibo Indian country and over the Rapids of Hell. At night we camped on shore, building a great fire to keep ocelots, jaguars, and pumas from leaping on our hammocks. But none of us slept. Joe and Jim studied their map of the Upper Orinoco under the light of the blazing fagots, smoked, and whispered of much gold to come. Swung in my hammock, I listened to the wails and screams of nocturnal birds and beasts.

Next morning we were off in the purple dawn.

Constantly Joe studied the chart and swept the shore with his binoculars, often using the Cerro Canchamacari, a peak in the lower Andes, for taking sights. Until, one afternoon, he suddenly called out:

"Stop! This must be the spot, Jim, if my bearings are right! Let's anchor and do some scouting."

The Swamp Angel was nosed into still water, slowed down, anchored. Mist rose around us like steam.

Joe pointed. "Jim," he said, "you and Alfredo search that shore in the canoe. From the padre's landmarks you ought to find Lost River about half a mile up that bayou."

Into the canoe Jim and I piled, both of us breathing pretty fast with excitement. Slowly we paddled, but before we knew it we were in a little blue-white ribbon of river, so clear that we could see huge trout and catfish fully twenty feet down.

"LOST RIVER, by the holy smoke!" cried Jim tensely. One big vein throbbed on his forehead. His eyes looked a little crazy. "Now, Alfredo, if you sight any Indians, raise that white cross double quick," he commanded, pointing to a large symbol of the sacred suffering of our Lord which he and Joe had carved out of beech wood, and which was in the bow of the canoe. "If you fail," he went on, his teeth biting into his pipe stem, "we'll get a load of poison darts. Father Paul has guaranteed that the cross will make the Zollos our friends. Remember!"

But so far there was no sign of any human. For a minute or two we rested, waiting.

Just as we were about to paddle on a sound caught our ears. To me it was like silver vesper bells.

Intently listening, we followed the direction of the strange music. Nosing along a pink clay bank, we discovered a new tiny stream. *Madre de Dios!* It was like a living page from the Thousand and One Nights. Splashing over blue and pink rocks was a thin cascade which fell into a dark green pool. But glorious beyond words were the maidens bathing in that water. What innocence in those lovely faces and sunlit bodies!

Even the iron Jim was spellbound, and he was trembling as much as I was.

"These are angels!" I whispered.

"Come, Alfredo, we must not stay and lose our senses!" said Jim Sunday, and violently he paddled the canoe back into the stream we had left.

Señores, Alfredo Delgado left his heart in that dark green pool, and I sometimes think it is still there.

III

YES, I was unhappy after that. The red twins loaded the canoe with five-and-ten baubles and sugar and other dainties loved by savages, and then told me to take good care of the Swamp Angel while they were gone.

"*Dios!*" I cried. "Why cannot I go too? I want to see those strange Zollo Indians at home."

"Especially the gals, eh, Alfredo?" Jim grinned.

"Come, come, we'll take you next trip, sure," comforted Joe, putting his hand kindly on my shoulder.

So I watched them leave, the great cross upright in the bow of the canoe. And I cursed them in best Spanish as they disappeared. *A-ye!* The third day when they came back I was glad to see them. And they were happy as youngsters at a circus. They sang and danced and boxed.

"What a break! What a break!" Jim shouted over and over. "Just a simple placer proposition! We'll build a coffer dam, then we'll sluice it, and let nature take its course."

And while Jim was selecting hammers, saws, nails, and various other implements from the tool chest, Joe was pouring shiny yellow dust from his tobacco tin on to a piece of paper on the cabin table. Gold!

"Dumb, not to bring along a balance from the store," exclaimed Joe, annoyed. "I'll bet that dust pans as high as any placer proposition that flows!" He turned to me. "You, Alfredo, get a move on, and fix up enough grub to last us four or five days—"

"Me, too?" I said. "You said—"

"Sure, you can come along," laughed Joe. "And wait till you see the Zollo girls! Eh, Jim?"

"Kid, you'll go crazy," said Jim, and I am certain he was thinking of the nymphs of the green pool.

In fifteen minutes we were off. Paddling up the blue-white river, I sang an Andalusian love song without realizing it, until I saw the red twins winking and smirking.

At a bend in the stream large shacks came into view, but not until we had touched shore and Jim had shouted "Hal-lo!" did any appear. Except for long feathers around their waists, they were naked. All of them carried blowpipes ten feet long. The Zollos were much lighter in color than other Orinoco Indians.

They lined up, waiting. Jim gave them sugar cubes. They smiled and bowed thanks. We were then escorted to the center of the little village. There, standing beneath a high white cross, was an old Zollo, the *jefe*, or chief. His feather dress was more striking and elaborate than that of his men. It was of rainbow hues. Five-and-ten jewelry was all over his person. And I noted that all of the Zollos had their share of the glittering ornaments.

But where were the maidens? I saw not one.

Greetings over, the *jefe* led us to his house. Singularly, it was built on the Spanish order, with a patio. The Sunday twins talked broken Spanish to the chief, who seemed to understand what they meant.

Through the boiling-hot forest we made our way.

SUDDENLY the sound of rushing water cooled our blazing brains. Ahead I could see a pretty stream tumbling brightly downhill, and as we reached its bank I saw, to my astonishment, that it disappeared *completamente* into another hill!

The Indian signaled and grunted. So this was the famous River of Gold.

With axes and saws we attacked the cedro trees, cutting them down and shaping the wood into coffins! At least, they looked like coffins to me.

However, we finished our coffins, dug a canal, and placed them in it with connecting gates which Joe and Jim called sluices. When the bright stream began to run through our wooden traps, Jim shouted:

"Now let your riches flow into our pockets, O River of Gold!"

"Amen! Amen!" responded Joe, as if he were saying the Litany.

Days went by. Back and forth we went between our place of golden coffins and the Zollo village. Usually at nightfall we returned to our Indian friends that we might sleep in comfort. But all the time I was dreaming of the Zollo maidens that I never saw.

"Cheer up, Alfredo!" Joe said one morning as he tied up the mouth of a big canvas bag filled with gold dust. "We'll soon be out of here—we have to beat it before the Orinoco goes dry on us up here, you know. Only a couple more days, kid."

"Señor Joe," I gabbled, "you and Señor Jim are two damn' fools—slaving for the filthy gold when lovely Zollo maidens, like flowers, wait only to be gathered!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Parker: When did old T. J. bury his grouch? He's gay as a lark lately.
Sims: Hasn't he told you? Seems he took somebody's advice about Post's Bran Flakes—AND IS HE SOLD!

THERE is no disguising the effect of irregular habits due so often to insufficient bulk in your diet. You feel off key, touchy, out of sorts — *and show it!* And a surprising amount of sickness may also be traced to irregularity, many physicians will tell you.

There's no easier way to keep healthfully regular than to eat Post's Bran Flakes every day. Delicious with cream or milk, these tasty, crisp-toasted, golden flakes supply just the additional bulk most of us require. In them you get the stimulating benefits of whole wheat — iron, phosphorus, vitamin B, together with the outer coat of the grain, a natural and gently effective regulator.

Begin tomorrow to keep regular for health. For two weeks eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning, and see if you don't feel better, work better, look better.

Cases of constipation, due to too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes if eaten regularly each day. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice

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POST'S BRAN FLAKES

A Product of General Foods Corporation WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

RIVER OF GOLD
Continued from page twenty-three

How he laughed in his red beard at that. But I could see—or I imagined it in my woman-fever—that I had stirred a kindred feeling in him.

“Jim and I can work alone now,” he said. “What you need is rest, Alfredo. And—you are dead right about the Zollo girls!”

For two days and nights I lay in my hammock. Then the Sunday brothers made their final trip back from the River of Gold. Laughing and singing, they came to my hammock and tossed the heavy canvas bags to one another over my horizontal body. *Carramba!* I never saw such joy.

“You must come with us, Alfredo, and be in on the grand finale!” shouted Jim.

The rest still seems to be part of a nightmare. There was a crowd of Indians milling around a central tableau composed of Jim and Joe Sunday, the *jefe*, and two maidens who had Madonna faces exactly alike.

Our Indian guide, the man who showed us the River of Gold, was holding me on my feet, as I stared at the scene.

Ah! I suddenly realized that I was witnessing a savage ceremony in which the twin daughters of the *jefe*, lovely as ivory doves, were being mated with the red Sunday twins. Contrasted with them were the black locks of the maidens crowned with wreaths of white lilies, and their slim bodies—half hidden, half revealed under white egret plumes.

There was music, most strange, most sad, that finally rose to passionate discord. Then a wild dance, eating and drinking.

My cup of sorrow was filled to the brim and overflowing. At last I was permitted to see and touch the beautiful Zollo Indian maidens, but I was too weak for love!

Señores, my heart was broken into ten thousand pieces of pain, and all that I could do was drink, drink, drink.

IV

WHEN I awoke, the Swamp Angel was put-putting under me; we were on our way back to San Fernando.

On the second day down the Orinoco the maiden of Señor Joe became ill with fever—very ill indeed. And her sister would do nothing but weep at her side, moaning and praying in her native tongue.

Faithfully Joe watched over his stricken madonna, taking no food or sleep, wetting her lips and stroking her brow, and murmuring soft words of care and love.

Late at night, after four days' steady chugging downriver, we arrived at our wharf.

Tenderly Joe lifted his maiden, wrapped her in blankets, and carried her across the pier to the store. And I saw him kiss her as a mother kisses her babe. Though Jim's maiden was forlorn and worn out with weeping, he let her fend for herself. Indignant, I offered to help her, but Jim ordered me to give my attention to the precious canvas bags.

“If you want any of that dust, show it!” he yelled.

The next day the good Padre Paulo came to see us and find out what luck we had on our journey. His old eyes flashed fire when I told him how Jim and Joe had come back with the *jefe's* daughters as well as with many pounds of gold dust. Straight, he strode up to Joe, his lips tightened, but when he saw how pale and thin Joe was, the priest was *muy simpatico* immediately.

“She won't die, father, will she?” implored Joe in a choking voice. “Tell me she won't die!”

That night Padre Paulo married Señor Joe Sunday and little Oolaana.

“That rests with God,” replied Padre Paulo. “Let us pray that she will live, my son.”

What a wonderful prayer the holy man then said, kneeling on the hard floor of the store! Joe's maiden, motionless as an ivory statue on the couch, seemed to hear nothing. As Padre Paulo had baptized all the Zollos into the faith, he said, as he rose from his knees:

“My son, of course you wish to be married according to the Church? Remember, we solemnly agreed there would be no wrong done in the expedition to the River of Gold.”

Joe nodded.

“Yes—yes, father. Poor little kid!” That night Padre Paulo married Señor Joe Sunday and little Oolaana, the Zollo madonna. Señor Jim stood silent and sullen as the witness of the ceremony.

SAD, sad, is what I now must tell you: The next morning the bride was dead. And soon, soon, she must be buried in that hot climate. At dusk she was buried in the red earth with Francisco the Frenchman acting as gravedigger, while I covered the crude cedro coffin—a real coffin, this time—with lilies. And I kept thinking how strange it was for one to go through the ceremonies of marriage and death in twenty-four hours.

We left Joe standing at the new grave as if he wished to be her monument.

After the burial, Jim and the padre sat down together for dinner, and I waited on them, as was my duty. My spirit was downcast, and I wondered how these two men could talk of ordinary things—the change in government, the new cattle tax, and the earliness of the dry season.

Not a word of the poor dead Zollo maiden, or of the River of Gold, or of the Orinoco trip.

But I have the feeling that both Padre Paulo and Señor Jim were fencing with words—waiting, waiting.

As if at a signal, when I cleared the table for coffee, the Sunday brother rose and left the room, to return with a heavy canvas bag—the biggest of the lot—and the balance to weigh the dust. He poured it out in a shining yellow stream.

“Our dividend, Father Paulo,” he said. “The first installment toward finishing that dome of your cathedral in Orizaba!”

The eyes of the good priest glittered with the glory he saw in the future for his church. His wrinkled cheeks grew rosy.

“At last—at last my dream will come true—my cathedral will have its crown, praise to God!” he whispered.

“Next season we'll drain off ten times that much,” exulted Jim. “Here, Alfredo, pour the Oporto, and take a glass yourself that we all may drink to Father Paulo's new dome. May it shine as bright as Rome's!”

We drank more solemnly than you might have expected. Then the padre pushed back his chair.

“As I must go to Ciudad Bolivar tomorrow, Señor Jim,” said he, “shall we perform the ceremony now?”

Jim was puzzled. “What ceremony, father?”

“Your marriage.”

“What's the joke?”

“No joke, my son. You must marry the Zollo maiden even as your brother did.”

“Take me for a fool!” roared Jim, his blue eyes granite.

“As I live in God, you must do this!” Padre Paulo made the holy sign.

Hell fury possessed Jim Sunday. He gave vent to oaths a priest should never hear. His arms flailed. I was fearful that he injure the man of God. But Padre Paulo was not afraid.

"These Indians are my children in the faith," he repeated firmly, quietly, "and unless you marry this child you shall never return to the Zollos—"

"Nor the River of Gold?" cried Jim.

"Nor the River of Gold!" echoed the priest. "A thousand poisoned darts shall fly to meet you!"

"Then you shall go with us and be the target, too!" roared Jim, his voice shaking the room. "A thousand hells won't stop me!"

The door opened. Pale as a ghost, Joe stood there.

"Are you fighting over the gold at such a time as this?" he asked reproachfully. "No—not that," said Jim, lowering his voice.

"What is it?"

Suddenly, just as the howling monkeys laugh, Jim laughed. "Why, this simpleton, this cassocked idiot, wants me to marry that Indian girl—threatened to turn the Zollos against us if I didn't!"

"A thousand poisoned darts!" The padre intoned his words as if he were on the altar.

"Why not?" asked Joe gently, though his eyes burned.

"What! Me marry an Indian? Be a damn' squaw man—"

THE words were hardly out of Jim's scornful mouth before Joe's great fist smashed into his brother's face. Often these two had played at fighting, rough-and-tumble, and blood flowing from accidental blows, but now it was their first mêlée of hate. It was terrible to see these brothers locked together like two maddened bulls. In less than ten minutes both were covered with blood, snarling, cursing. Padre Paulo and I were less than a summer wind trying to stop them. Table, chairs, all the furniture was broken, even the beloved gold dust was scattered on the floor.

At last Joe struck Jim in the mouth as if he had swung a sledge hammer, and he fell like a wounded bull given the *coup de grâce* by the matador.

For a dazed second Joe stood above the prone body of Jim, and then he fell too, across his brother, sobbing from the innermost depths of his soul.

I hope that I shall never hear a sound like it again—not even in Purgatory, should I be so unhappy as to be sent there for my sins. Nor could I stay longer in that place. Within the hour I was on my way to Ciudad Bolivar, accompanying Padre Paulo on his mission of mercy to the sick.

. . . . .

Never since have I seen the Sunday brothers. But rumors have reached me. One of them tells of a red-headed man filled with poisoned darts found floating down the Orinoco in a canoe. Another recites the legend of a red-headed man living among the Zollo Indians and looked up to as a god by them. Often, señores, I am sure that the dead man was Jim, and that the worshiped one of the Zollos is Joe.

Quien sabe?

THE END

Avoid self-infection by using KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES instead of handkerchiefs

COLDS are costly, both in health and money. Do you realize how costly? Do you realize that colds are the starting point for a whole list of serious and expensive illnesses? That colds cause more time lost from work, more absences from school, than any other disease?

It is good sense and good business to take every precaution the moment you notice the first sign of a cold in yourself or any member of your family.

Start using Kleenex at once

Stop using handkerchiefs when the first sniffle starts! Handkerchiefs collect germs—cause constant self-infection, if you use them over and over.

The only *safe* handkerchief is one you can use and destroy — Kleenex disposable tissues.

Kleenex costs so little that you use each tissue only once. Then you destroy it, before it has a chance to self-infect you or spread infection through the family. Kleenex is soft, comfortable—and relieves you of all handkerchief washing. Children especially need Kleenex because they catch cold so easily and so often develop serious complications.

The value of Kleenex in beauty care is well known. Used for removing cleansing cream, it prevents any risk of leaving bits of oil and dirt in the pores. Mothers find it saves clothes when giving children cod liver oil or medicines, or when applying ointments.

Regular 50c size Now 35c

Now costs less

The big supply of Kleenex that formerly cost 50 cents, is now priced regularly at 35 cents! Buy several boxes at this low price —one for each room in the house! Every drug, dry goods and department store sells Kleenex.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

KLEENEX COMPANY,
Lake Michigan Building,
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Please send sample packet of Kleenex. LI-4

*Name*__________
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In Canada, address 330 Bay City, Toronto, Ontario

Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

Richard Barthelmess and Marian Marsh in Alias the Doctor.

Jack Oakie, William Collier, Jr., and Miriam Hopkins

The Serious

Comédiennes Losing Favor with Fans; Barthelmess Hopkins, Loretta Young and Thomas Meighan in

By FREDERICK JAMES

(Reading time: 5 minutes 15 seconds.)

MOVIE audiences refuse to concede humor in women.

It is tough enough for the light comédiennes who show a sprightly sense of the comic. Film fans like their heroines to be serious, sexy, and sentimental—but never wise-cracking. Which explains why Greta Garbo is an idol and Ina Claire, for all her stage popularity, never has landed in the movie houses.

It is even worse with the eccentric comedy ladies. Louise Fazenda, the life of the old Mack Sennett comedies, is playing gentle character rôles. The rangy Charlotte Greenwood, who started off boisterously enough, has slowed down to a walk in her newest picture, Cheaters at Play. Winnie Lightner, rough-and-ready comédienne, turns mild in Play Girl. She is just a great big sister to the heroine, and the most unladylike thing she does is to take a sock at a sarcastic saleswoman who sneers at her pal.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ½ ALIAS THE DOCTOR

CAST

Karl Muller	Richard Barthelmess
Lottie	Marian Marsh
Mother Brenner	Lucille La Verne
Stephen	Norman Foster
Anna	Adrienne Dore
Keller	Oscar Apfel
Dr. Niergardt	John St. Polis
Kleinschmidt	Wallis Clark
Mrs. Beverly	Claire Dodd
Von Bergman	George Rosener
Autopsy Surgeon	Boris Karloff
University Professor	Reginald Barlow

Directed by Michael Curtiz.
Produced by Warner-First National.

Maybe Richard Barthelmess decided to play a doctor after seeing his pal, Ronald Colman, as the physician hero of Arrowsmith. Mr. Barthelmess portrays a young German medical student who takes the blame for his foster brother's crime and goes to prison. Later the brother dies, and in order that he may practice surgery our hero assumes the dead lad's identity. He is successful, but the peril of exposure eternally faces him.

Mr. Barthelmess, always an able actor, plays sincerely and earnestly. As a result, the film has its moments. But it is not one of this actor's best pictures. Stars love to play self-sacrificing heroes. I suspect that Mr. Barthelmess had a lot more fun making this film than audiences will get out of watching it.

★ ★ DANCERS IN THE DARK

CAST

Gloria	Miriam Hopkins
Duke	Jack Oakie
Floyd	William Collier, Jr.
Gus	Eugene Pallette
Ollie	Walter Hiers
Fanny	Lyda Roberti
Louie	George Raft
Max	Maurice Black

Directed by David Burton.
Produced by Paramount.

Miriam Hopkins is a ten-cents-a-dance hostess in love with a nice young saxophonist, trying to forget her slightly soiled past in her new romance.

There is a bad racketeer who wants Gloria, and a band leader-crooner who tries to break up the romance with his sax-playing comrade. Between all the motives the melodrama gets pretty involved. Indeed, it never gets under way. Its single point of interest is Miss Hopkins' vibrant personality.

★ ★ PLAY GIRL

CAST

Buster	Loretta Young
Georgine	Winnie Lightner
Wallie	Norman Foster
Finkelwald	Guy Kibbee
Martie	Noel Madison
Ethel	Polly Walters

Directed by Ray Enright.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

Play Girl owes a lot to Bad Girl. A little department-store worker falls in love with a young gambler, marries him, and, because she cannot stand a precarious existence built upon cards, dice, and ponies, separates from him. But a baby reunites them.

The yarn savors of Viña Delmar's story, but it falls far short in dialogue and characterization. Loretta Young is the girl and Norman Foster the boy. Winnie Lightner is pretty little Buster's stanch girl friend, and, for all her boisterous good fellowship, is far from the roistering comédienne she used to be.

The camera goes a little further into the zone of life's steadily shrinking privacy by showing the young

in Dancers in the Dark.

Loretta Young and Norman Foster in Play Girl.

Sex

Plays a Doctor; Miriam
Other Picture Dramas

SMITH

wife being prepared for the hospital delivery room.

★ CHEATERS AT PLAY

CAST

Michael Lanyard	Thomas Meighan
Mrs. Fay Crozier	Charlotte Greenwood
Maurice Parry	William Bakewell
Freddy Asquith	Ralph Morgan
Fenno Crozier	Barbara Weeks
Tess Boyce	Linda Watkins

Directed by Hamilton MacFadden.
Produced by Fox Films.

Do you recall Louis Joseph Vance's the Lone Wolf, that celebrated crook once played in silent films by Bert Lytell? He has returned, this time acted by Thomas Meighan. Reformed and retired, he comes back to solve the theft of some valuable pearls and to find and reform his long lost son, now bent upon emulating his dad's early deeds.

The events move in conventional melodramatic fashion. Even Mr. Meighan cannot lift it to interest. Charlotte Greenwood lends restrained aid as the heroine's ex-chorus-girl mamma.

★ THE BLONDE CAPTIVE

Presented by William M. Pizor.

After a lengthy pictorial record of an expedition seeking to find people of the Neanderthal Age still dwelling in the Australian bush, you get a few glimpses of a middle-aged and far from prepossessing woman with bushy white hair (whiter of skin than the natives) living in a cave with one of the savages and their blond son. After learning that the woman was the shipwrecked wife of a pearl-lugger captain, the expedition departed with its film, leaving the woman, apparently satisfied with her Neanderthal life, to her fate. Is all this authentic? The film exhibitors swear to its truth.

William Bakewell, Barbara Weeks, Charlotte Greenwood, and Thomas Meighan in Cheaters at Play.

Do you know that—

Boris Karloff's real name is Charles Edward Pratt? . . . Erich von Stroheim will play a leading rôle opposite Greta Garbo in As You Desire Me?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma, The Champ, Street Scene.

★★★—Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid.

What Women

The Extraordinary Experiences of a Fashionable Hairdresser Who Reveals Some of His Clients' Most Intimate Secrets

(Reading time: 15 minutes 20 seconds.)

HAVE I had interesting customers? You ask *me* that, madame! Pierre Victor, who has been hairdresser to Sarah Bernhardt—and Gilda Gray!

A murderess has sat in this chair, madame. Don't jump, please; I might burn you. Yes, Ruth Snyder was my client—and I only wonder she didn't consult me in regard to her plans for disposing of her husband. Ladies are not usually so reticent with me.

It is a peculiar thing about ladies, madame. They seem to be under a kind of compulsion to confide in someone. I sometimes think it's the curse put upon them in Eden. I can think of *nothing* women have not, at some time, confided to me.

Ah, naturally I am *simpático* and ladies find in me an understanding and sympathetic confidant. But it isn't only that. To a lesser degree, it is the same with all hairdressers. Once in his chair, women seem to drop all reserves. At last they have an attentive ear—a man's ear. They don't trust each other, the ladies. But they can count on a man keeping his mouth closed. And a hairdresser is a man with a double reason for keeping his mouth shut.

I have one lady, very well known in society, who came to me first as a débutante; then I dressed her hair for her wedding; then the day she was going to the hospital to have her first baby. Oh, yes, they frequently call me in to make them beautiful for that event. But, naturally, the next day I had to go to the hospital to wave it again—strictly against the doctor's orders. She fainted before I had finished. But she insisted she must look her best for that husband of hers when he came.

That's how her marriage started off. But how did it end? Badly, madame—badly! I could see my lady growing thin and sad, though she tried to conceal it.

One day a tear splashed on my hand.

"But, madame!" I said, and gave her her handkerchief. She laid her head on the dressing table and wept.

"Oh, Victor, I am so unhappy!" she said. "He's drinking terribly. And he no longer loves me. He goes about with women—such women! He promises—but he can't keep his promises. He has always been like that, it seems. I didn't know. No one told me."

And so it went. It was no fault of the lady's. She was an angel. She bore everything, hoping to win him back. Sometimes she would call me up in the middle of the night. "Oh, Victor, I am so worried," she would say. "He hasn't come home. Something terrible may happen to him. If only I knew where he was! Do you think, if you took a taxi—"

"I'll dress at once, madame. Don't worry. I'll find him. Trust Victor."

And at 2 or 3 A. M. I'd go out and comb the town for that wretched husband of hers, and finally drag him home—dead drunk, or worse. Why she wanted him brought home I don't know. Women are like that.

Of course it could only end one way. Finally she had to divorce him—and I was the principal witness. Since then he has had two other wives—just as pretty, just as good. Can you understand that, madame? After all these years I still don't understand women.

Don't think I have any delusions concerning women, madame. I know the worst as well as the best, and frankly I believe that the worst of them are worse than men—perhaps because it is so repulsive to see a woman degraded. I have known women, madame— But why talk of them? Schoolgirls, madame! You wouldn't believe! Young girls, so pretty, so sweet—it tears the heart.

Girls, women—they seem to know that Papa Pierre can be counted on in the tight places. Shall I tell you how

AT 1 A. M. the gentleman arrived. While I washed and set Miss Bayes' hair we all three chatted. I quite liked the man.

Tell *Me!*

By MARIE BEYNON RAY

Pictures by
CHARLES DE FEO

I found a baby for a famous star of the stage? But let me tell you first how I once had to find money for a still greater star—the greatest.

If I had all the money that rich women owe me I would be a wealthy man, madame. There was Sarah Bernhardt, the divine Sarah. Ah, yes, she still owes me four thousand dollars—and now she will never pay me.

I WAS her coiffeur for many years, here and in France. Whenever she came to America, I was the first one she called for.

" Ah, my dear friend Victor," she would say, and take my hands and look into my eyes with that look of loving recognition that so endeared her.

Then we would talk about old times, about mutual friends in Paris, about famous first nights for which she had created the leading rôles and I had created the wigs. And then we would go to work—on the new wigs for Camille, for L'Aiglon, for Shylock.

But the four thousand dollars? Yes. Well, one day comes a call from Long Beach. It is Mme. Bernhardt.

" Victor," she says, " I am in great difficulty. Come to me at once."

So I drop my irons, slap on my hat, and am on the next train.

They show me up to her room. She tells me quickly. " It is about Maurice," she says.

Ah, yes, Maurice! I have known him since he was a baby. When he was a child I made a portrait of him for his mother in a marquise ring with the hair from his first hair-cut. In those days all sorts of things were made of hair—brooches, rings, necklaces, fans, portraits—and I was a fine artist in that work.

And now Maurice is in trouble. It is the races. He has lost a great sum.

" And I haven't it," sighs his mother—like any mother. " And it is his honor! Victor, can you lend me so much? "

" Well, but certainly, madame. It isn't easy; it isn't done in a moment. But give me three days—two—and I will find that four thousand dollars! "

" Ah! I knew it! With all our rich friends, it is always the poor we come to when we need money, isn't it, Victor? "

She kissed me on both cheeks—and that was the last time I saw her.

She sent me as security treasures worth many times the value of the poor little sum I lent her—and I have them still. The Art Museum tells me the value of all these things is between eighty-five and one hundred thousand dollars; but they have a far greater value for me.

And babies—yes, I have found babies for them, too. You remember Nora Bayes? I saw Miss Bayes through all her five husbands and her divorces.

It was while Miss Bayes was on her fourth husband, Arthur Gordoni, that she came to my shop one day very despondent. I saw that as soon as she came in. She said: " It's no use, Victor. I can't seem to make any man happy. Perhaps I'm not meant to be a wife." Then two big soft tears blurred her eyes. " But I know I was meant to be a mother," she added.

I waited a long while before I replied. I was going to say something I had been planning a long time to say.

" Miss Bayes," I said at last, and I sat down before her, " you must adopt a child."

She just sat and looked at me. Then she leaned forward and took my hand. " Yes, Victor," she said; " of course I must! Why didn't we think of this before? "

I hunted up a French orphanage, made all the arrange-

[WHAT WOMEN TELL ME!
Continued from page twenty-nine]

ments, and one afternoon, after her wave, she went there.

A few days later she invited me to dinner. When I entered the drawing-room, there stood a boy of seven or eight, handsome, prepossessing.

" I want you to observe him at dinner tonight, Victor," she said when we were alone. " If you think I've chosen wisely—done! I'll sign the papers this week."

I liked the boy and soon after she adopted him.

That was Norman.

But after a while, when I had visited the boy several times, it began to look as though we hadn't been so wise, after all. Not that *he* wasn't all right, but—it was obvious—he was being spoiled.

" Miss Bayes," I said to her one day, when her head was over the basin and I had her more or less under control, " I think you've done a wonderful thing in adopting Norman. But the job is only half done."

She opened an eye cautiously between towel and suds.

" Half done? What do you mean? "

" Well, he's alone in a big house, with no one to play with and half a dozen servants to wait on him, and you to spoil him. He needs a companion of his own age. I wouldn't presume to advise, but if I were a woman I'd want a daughter. A girl, when she's grown up, is a thousand times more of a companion to her mother than a boy is."

I twisted a towel swiftly about her head and brought her up for air. " In a word, Miss Bayes, why not give that boy a sister and yourself a daughter? " And I slapped a dry towel over her face before she could answer.

When she emerged she was laughing.

" Victor, you may be no better husband than I am a wife, but you're a born father. All right —off to the orphanage again! "

That time it was Leonora.

After that Miss Bayes had the habit. She was always visiting orphanages. Once in London she was in the play yard of an institution, watching the children, when a little chap, blond as an angel, came toward her as though hypnotized and, holding up his arms, said, " Madame, I love you! I want to kiss you."

That was Peter. He was named for me—the English of Pierre. Often she would come to my shop with all of them piled into her car, laughing and falling over each other like puppies.

But though children made her happy, men did not. She was alone again.

ONE evening at eleven o'clock, when she came to my shop after her performance for a permanent wave, she said: " Victor, I'm getting to be a little ashamed of this sort of thing, but—well, the fact is, another man has asked me to marry him. And I'd like to try again, Victor, but I'm afraid. Now I'll tell you what I want to do. I'm going to ring him up right now "—she was halfway down the hall—" and ask him to come here to meet me; and you look him over, Victor, and tell me what you think."

At 1 A. M. the gentleman arrived. We were through with the permanent, but while I washed and set Miss Bayes' hair we all three chatted and laughed and discussed, and finally had a glass of wine. I have often wondered what Mr. Benjamin Friedland would have thought if he had known that all that time he was being drawn out and sized up by a French hairdresser whom he probably regarded as being in importance halfway between a butler and a Pomeranian.

He was most affable and it was 3 A. M. when we all finally left the shop and went to Miss Bayes' house for supper. All in all, I quite liked the man—at least he wasn't an actor—and I told Miss Bayes so.

When it came time for the wedding, which was to take place *en route* to Europe, Miss Bayes insisted on my being best man. I protested my work, my clients. No use. I was to go, all expenses paid.

The next day my tickets arrived by messenger—" Dr. P. V. S. and valet." The doctor was all right—I've studied medicine—but " and valet "?

On board the mystery was solved. Miss Bayes, wishing to keep her marriage secret until the ceremony was over, had registered Mr. Friedland as my valet. Captain Hartley married them, and I signed the book first. After me, who? Mrs. Al Smith and her daughter.

WE were the greatest of friends, Miss Bayes and I, for twenty-two years. And then, at the age of forty-seven, she died. When she knew she was dying she sent for me to say good-by; and later, at the point of death, she told her maid, " I want no one but Victor to see me—after."

So I went to her house and, as she lay in her coffin, for the last time waved and dressed her hair and then powdered and rouged her face. No one else saw her.

But all this is so sad! I should tell you some of the amusing things that happen.

Another actress was one of my clients. When she first came to this country she knew few French people and she used to enjoy to chatter with me.

Sometimes when she was telling me of her husband, an actor also, she did not know whether to laugh or cry—and so she would do both. One day she said: " I don't know if life is a comedy or a tragedy, Victor. I never know how to play it. Is it sad? Is it funny? Last night, for example. What do you think happened? My husband has *une amie*—well, that is natural, not so? I do not object too much. Love! Is love love or is it hate? Does a man who chokes a woman love her? When he kisses her, may he not hate her? And when he does both? *Hein?*

" When my husband is very angry with his friend, he shakes her—a good shaking. She has a necklace of real pearls—very beautiful. Why not? She was the mistress of one of the richest bankers in France. One time, when he is shaking her, the necklace breaks; the pearls run here, there. They pick them up. He is sorry. He says he will take the necklace to have it restrung. But he asks the jeweler to put in two imitation pearls—and he keeps the two real ones and sells them.

" After that he gets angry with her very often, and every time she breaks that necklace he keeps some pearls. And last night, when he broke it, he didn't even stoop to pick up the pearls.

" ' Don't waste your time, my dear, picking up that trash,' he says to her. ' There isn't a single real pearl left! '

" Don't waste your time, my dear, picking up that trash. There isn't a single real pearl left! "

"He tells her that! And then he comes and tells me! What sort of a man is that, Victor? Do you understand? Shall I laugh—shall I cry?"

It is not the man I can't understand—many men live on the women they pretend to love. It is the women who love such men.

I know a case, a woman who had only to choose between an angel and a devil. And she chose the devil!

This lady—I say lady because I can never forget my true French politeness—was married to a Jew. She thought she had done him a great favor to marry him. I am still, after all these years, able to be amazed at the complacency of ladies who have nothing but a pretty face to recommend them; some not even that. It is a favor to let their husband kiss them; it is an honor to let him give them a jewel. So it was with this one—who was, yes, pretty.

He was devoted like a slave to her. He used often to come here to meet her and take her home. He didn't like her to be out alone after dark. Ha—if he knew what I knew about that woman! If she should clean his shoes with kisses every day of her life it would not be enough—so good he was, so kind, so generous.

Sometimes she would come here with another man who would wait in the reception hall. I would not let him come in here—only her husband could do that.

No, I am not always so strict. It all depends if I like what is going on. This time I did *not*. Such a rat that man was!

And she loved him.

SHE told me so herself, one day when I was waving her hair and the girl came back to announce him.

"Feel my heart, Victor," she whispered, and pressed my hand to her side. They like you to know how emotional they are—how sensitive, how highly strung.

"Madame is ill?" I asked coldly. "A glass of water?"

She laughed.

"Madame is exceptionally well," she said. "Didn't you ever hear of a heart beating for love, Victor?"

"Excuse me a moment, madame," I said, and I left the booth.

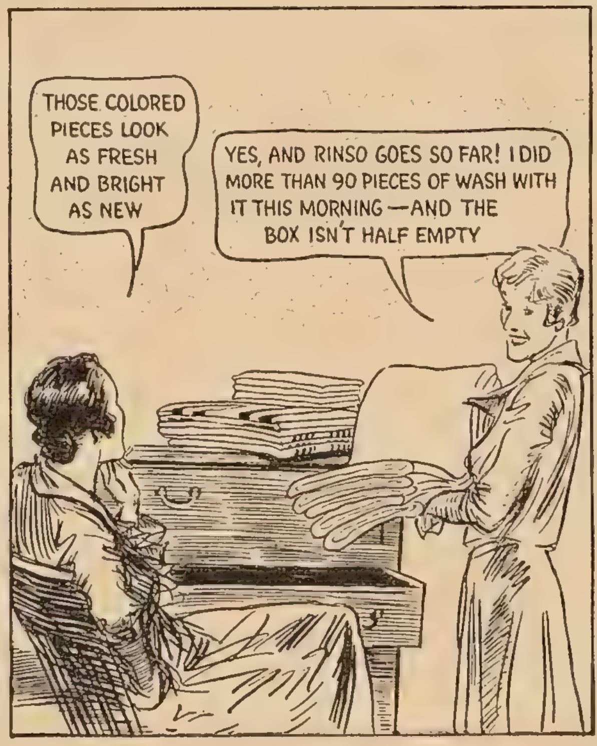
I didn't return. She waited half an hour—an hour—one side of her hair waved, the other straight. Finally she got quite angry and shook the door of the booth where I was working. It was locked. Trust Victor! She didn't dare let herself go, for *he* was outside there. She went away with her hair that way.

But did she *stay* away? Does anyone ever stay away? Who else can make the ladies so beautiful? Pride is nothing to a woman's vanity.

One afternoon some months later, when I was touching up this same lady's hair, the gentleman—incurable French politeness again, madame—was announced. Instantly the door of the adjoining booth was flung open, then the door to ours, and a lady ap-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THIS IS ONE OF MY NEW TABLE CLOTHS, BUT YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT. IT'S YELLOW ALREADY—FROM JUST A FEW WASHINGS
THAT'S TOO BAD, ELLEN
AND LOOK HERE, BETTY. IT'S ACTUALLY WORN THIN FROM CONSTANT SCRUBBING TO GET SPOTS OUT
YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T SCRUB, ELLEN. NOT WHEN THERE'S A SOAP LIKE RINSO TO SOAK OUT DIRT
NEXT WASHDAY
BETTY WAS RIGHT! —WHAT THICK SUDS RINSO GIVES
—WHAT WHITENESS—JUST FROM SOAKING!
HELLO, BETTY. I'M GLAD YOU DROPPED IN. LOOK, HERE'S THAT SAME CLOTH—WHITE AS SNOW AND I DIDN'T SCRUB OR BOIL IT
IT'S WONDERFUL SOAP FOR DISHES, TOO, ELLEN. I USE RINSO FOR ALL CLEANING


THOSE COLORED PIECES LOOK AS FRESH AND BRIGHT AS NEW
YES, AND RINSO GOES SO FAR! I DID MORE THAN 90 PIECES OF WASH WITH IT THIS MORNING—AND THE BOX ISN'T HALF EMPTY

Clothes last longer this scrubless way

TRY Rinso next washday and see for yourself why thrifty housewives won't use any other soap—for the wash, for the dishes, for *all* cleaning.

See what thick, creamy suds Rinso gives. Watch the dirt soak out. Notice how bright your colored things come. Clothes last much longer this safe, scrubless way.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—*even in hardest water.* No softener needed. So wonderful in washers the makers of 40 leading machines recommend Rinso. Get the BIG package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

DO YOU FEAR THE

Girl's-Eye View?

It chills romance—the unsightly skin condition that comes from faulty shaving. Girls can't *help* being repelled by those red spots . . . nicks . . . pimples . . . blackheads . . . patches of rough skin.

Men who have been troubled with these shaving irritations and skin disturbances have found relief by changing to Mennen. For Mennen is the shaving cream that "*helps your skin as well as your shave.*"

Mennen lather acts like a fine skin cleanser. It loosens pore-imbedded dirt deposits which so often cause pimples and blackheads. As you rinse off the lather you flush out the pores. You leave your skin really CLEAN.

And CLEAR! No sore spots. No red blotches. For Mennen's special beard softening ingredient (tristearin) wilts even the toughest stubble *completely*. Therefore, the blade takes off all the hair—*without skin irritations!* For *proof*—send the coupon now!

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Free

Send for a free 10-day tube of Mennen Shaving Cream. . . Original —— Menthol-iced —— (Check which). Also travel size bottle of the new after-shave lotion—Mennen Skin Bracer. Mail coupon to Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., Dept. L-3.

NAME____

[WHAT WOMEN TELL ME!
Continued from page thirty-one]

peared like a Greek Fury, her hair twisted and coiling like snakes, fresh from a permanent.

"So it's you!" she cried. "It's you who took him from me! You who pretend to be my friend! He who pretends to love me! Oh, God, what a farce!"

And just like that, with her hair streaming, caked with soda and patches of cotton, she clapped on her hat and rushed out.

"Oh, my God, what will she do now?" sobbed the little fool in the chair.

But she didn't leave to join her friend until every gleaming hair was in place.

What the other woman did I soon learned. She came in on purpose to tell me. She didn't even wait to take off her hat.

"VICTOR, you are to be a witness. You know that woman—you know my sweetheart. She has probably told you all about it. Anyway, you are to be a witness. He would have married me if it hadn't been for her. She's ruined my life." Her hands were twisting in her lap. I was sorry for that one.

"Do you know what I did when I left here the other day? I drove straight to a house opposite the apartment house where she lives and rented a furnished room. From the windows I watched. I knew I should catch her—and I did. One afternoon I saw her go in with *him*. Then I called her husband on the phone. Fifteen minutes later her husband jumped out of a taxi and went in. I don't know how he got inside. I didn't wait.

"Last night he came to see me. He told me he had beaten him unmercifully and sent her to her mother's. Then he stripped the apartment. He's filed suit for divorce."

YES—she lost that good man, and then the other left her.

She came in the other day to make an appointment.

"I am sorry, madame," I said, "but every minute is taken—yes, every minute till next January."

I will have nothing to do with women like that. She was a dress model before she married—and she's a model again. Good!

Yes, good and bad, rich and poor, they all come to the coiffeur to be made beautiful. And once in this chair, madame, they drop all reserve, sometimes all modesty. They tell Victor everything—but everything!

It is not too dull, being a hairdresser.

THE END

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Drowning Out Thought

A three-year-old child fell into a water trough. After fishing her out and changing her clothes, her mother asked her what she had thought of when she fell in.

The little girl replied: "I couldn't think, mummie! My mouth was full of water."—Nellie Featherston, 5490 Elm Vancouver, B. C.

Before the Doctor Came

"Mother," asked a five-year-old boy, "if little brother ate a tadpole would he go like a frog?"

"No," answered the harassed parent, "but it might kill him."

"But it *didn't*," said the boy.—Mrs. E. W. Layton, 303 Helen Street, Camden, Ar

Very Hastily Yours

A Short Short Story

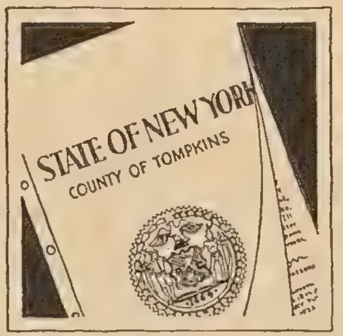
By George S. Brooks

(Reading time: 5 min. 45 sec.)

State of New York } ss.
County of Tompkins }

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mrs. Lyle Watson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement—to wit:

I AM Roberta Ash Watson, twenty-six years old, beloved wife of Lyle Watson of this city. I am making this statement freely and voluntarily, without promise of immunity or expectation of reward.



On Tuesday evening last, when my poor husband returned from the office about 5:30 P. M., he went directly upstairs to the bedroom and changed his clothes. In answer to my question he replied in these words: "I've got to go out tonight. In fact, I'm hurrying because I'm late now."

"Yes," I responded; "you're much too late. So my advice to you is to forget about it."

"But this is business, honey."

"Funny business, sweetness."

"Honest, honey, I'm just doing this to accommodate the boss. His car is laid up, so he said I was to meet him in half an hour with our car," said my husband, coming out of the bedroom with his new suit and three-dollar tie on. "I'll have to go this once, but it won't happen again."

"You're dead right it won't!"

"Listen, honey," he interrupted me. "There's nothing to be afraid of. We won't be late. And if you should think you heard someone prowling around, you know my revolver is right there in the desk drawer. It's all loaded and you certainly could point it and pull the trigger, couldn't you, dear? Good night, honey. Don't wait up, because this might take longer than we think it will."

He grabbed his overcoat and hat and went.

After I did the dishes I became interested in reading a book that a lady loaned me. It is a book that was suppressed by the police and the author has to live in France.

About one o'clock the phone rang. It was Mrs. Field, the boss's wife. She asked if Lyle had come in.

"No," said I, "he hasn't, and it serves him right, too. I think the furnace has gone out."

"I won't put any coal on our fire, either," agreed Mrs. Field. "If they've dug up so much business, I guess they'll both get a raise the first of the month. Then they can afford to hire someone to look after the furnaces."

It was after I talked with her that I began to worry. There had been a terrible auto crash on the Elmira road ten days before. Four were killed, two men and two girls. And they weren't identified until noon the next day. That was caused by their lying to their families. One never knows!

When I simply couldn't stand it any longer I called the Morgue. "Have you had two men and two girls brought in there tonight?" I asked as a very sleepy voice answered, "Morgue."

"No," the attendant replied. "Where'll we find 'em?"

I realized the futility of it.

As soon as I had calmed myself, I remembered that most accident victims don't die outright. They're fearfully mangled and pass away in the hospital later. The number of the Emergency Hospital is 1-200. "Was Lyle Watson admitted there tonight?" I asked.

"Oh, you mean that D. T. case from downtown?" the woman returned. "We didn't have the name."

I called the police and some man connected me with the turnkey.

"Well, lady," he explained, "you'd have to come down here and pick him out for yourself. Names don't mean a thing in this business. Has your husband got a record here? Did we ever have him before, I mean?"

How could I know? What does any woman know about the man she marries? She begins with faith, she continues from hope, and unless she divorces him she stays by him through charity.

At twenty-four minutes past three o'clock I heard a car turn into our drive. I switched on all the lights, so I could be sure it was Lyle. I met him in the kitchen as he opened the back door.

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"Listen, honey, I'll tell you all about it tomorrow."

"Haven't you any consideration for me?"

"Now, honey, I'm tired—"

"What about me? Do I look so peppy? I'm left alone here all night, ringing up the Morgue and the hospitals and the police! Is that the way I'm supposed to spend all these long winter evenings?"

By that time I was crying from the relief at finding him safe and sound.

"Oh, don't be a fool!" said poor Lyle.

"I'm a fool now!" I screamed. "So I'm a fool because I love you and because I worry about you?"

"You know nothing could happen."

"I don't know it. You come home at daylight, playing leapfrog with the milkman and the morning paper boy, and then call your wife a fool—"

"Oh," said poor Lyle, "you'll wake up the neighbors. Shut up!"

I am a very nervous temperament. There was something about his harsh tone when he said "Shut up!" that stunned me.

"SHUT up! You tell me to shut up! All the thanks I get for sitting here, thinking you were dead," I gasped hysterically, "is to have you tell me to shut up! Perhaps you think I'm like you. Perhaps you think I don't care if you're crippled for life, or blinded. Suppose you had been killed tonight—"

As I said, "Suppose you had been killed," there was a loud *bang!* His revolver had gone off, just as he had promised me it would. The thing had been in my hand, for I had picked it up when I heard the car in the driveway. And, in my excitement and resentment, I had raised it, pointed it at my husband, and squeezed the trigger.

Poor Lyle grabbed his left arm with his right hand, covering the spot where the bullet struck him. For quite a while he stood there, watching me apprehensively. And I stood there, watching him. Neither of us knew what to do next. Obviously, we were both surprised. There was a hurt look in his eyes, as if I had wounded him. It just went to my heart. I raised the revolver again, intending to return it to him. But Lyle, without a word, turned and ran out the back door. He vanished into the night. I have not seen him since.

If Lyle Watson sees this statement, I hope he will communicate with me at once. It was all a mistake, sweetness. I'll never touch that revolver again, no matter what happens! You can trust your Bobbie.

Very hastily yours,
(Signed) Roberta Ash Watson (Mrs. Lyle Watson)

And further deponent sayeth not. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of January, 1932. Signed, George S. Brooks, Notary Public. My commission expires March 30, 1932.

THE END

The SEVENTH

Continuing an Arraignment of PRUDERY *and* BLACKMAIL, *the Great American Crime*

(Reading time: 17 minutes 5 seconds.)

PART TWO—
DEFAMATION AND EXTORTION

THE career of a particularly fine Englishman, Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, destroyed by inane sex prejudice *(the same in England as here)*, has always stood in my mind as a forceful illustration of its viciousness. Dilke, a prominent Liberal politician of England, was a Member of Parliament for Chelsea, undersecretary of Foreign Affairs, and president of the local government board. During this period he was also chairman of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes.

Despite his superior command of foreign questions, his authority on military and naval questions, this statesman, writer, and critic, the ablest and most intelligent of radical leaders, was utterly destroyed by his being named as corespondent in a sensational divorce case in 1886.

It appears that the Crawfords, long closely connected with the Dilke family, decided on a divorce. Mr. Crawford, in his suit against his wife and Sir Charles Dilke, early revealed a confession of Mrs. Crawford's of her relations with Dilke, also of an alleged mistress of Dilke's, one Fanny Stock, and, according to the London Times, of Mrs. Crawford's being in bed with Dilke.

This, published in England's most conservative papers, produced a shock among the "learneds" and lordships, and furnished striking gossip for the people. Now, anyone who knows anything about law realizes that a confession of this nature is not legal evidence at all. Since Mrs. Crawford's confession caused so much odium, an intervention in the suit was tried to prove that Mrs. Crawford did not commit adultery with Dilke. Even the law looked with great suspicion upon Mrs. Crawford's confession, because, according to the president, Mrs. Crawford herself was undoubtedly guilty with Captain Forester, widely known as her intimate friend, and hence was suspected of wanting to be free from Mr. Crawford to marry Captain Forester. Likewise, many of Dilke's friends and supporters thought that the whole intrigue was a plot to ruin Dilke politically. Yet the intervention trial for this purpose was lost.

Only slight evidence, however, was brought against Dilke—evidence to arouse suspicion, yet not conclusive. One very powerful point in his favor was that a portion of Mrs. Crawford's confession was definitely proved to be false. Still, Dilke was defeated in this case, which tragically became the defeat of his brilliant career.

In fact, this form of killing a statesman of worth has been forced to the most ridiculous extent, particularly in politics.

In the Cleveland-Blaine Presidential campaign of 1884 in America, both men were involved in unconventionality, *itsel asinine and nothing else.* In the Blaine-Sentinel libel suit at the time, it was said that Blaine had married not because of love but because he had to. The logic of affection, according to fools! Blaine's opponents said that he was married on March 24, 1851. They found the tombstone of the child of Mr. and Mrs. Blaine born at such a date as to bear out the argument that their love had reached sexual culmination before marriage. Blaine stated that he and his wife had married secretly in June, 1850. But what possible difference could it really have made to the American people whether Blaine had sexual intercourse before marriage or afterward? Is it so unusual, or so momentous in affairs of state? None the less, there he was, done for by crooks leading fools.

The irony is that the illegitimate child of Cleveland, Blaine's opponent of the time, was also hunted out. It actually came out that Grover Cleveland not only had, but supported, the child, and Cleveland made his confession. None the less, he was supported widely and, principally, of course, by reason of the fact that the fools in this instance were led or maneuvered by shrewd financial leaders in America who were determined to preserve, not destroy, him. And they had their reward, of course.

Cleveland won the election, despite this exposure, and only because Blaine had been similarly attacked. But the career of Blaine, one of the finest of American statesmen, was desperately injured by the blow.

This crazy meddlesomeness of the people, sponsored both by the law and the church—and both to this day inadequately informed and uncognizant of any mental values behind their work—infuriated such an aristocratic firebrand as Alexander

Commandment

By

THEODORE DREISER

Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN

LAWS, dogma, and prejudice put a blackmail weapon in the hands of every slicker. These laws are used as a trap by those who have no sense of decency.

Hamilton. Probably from the movie, the American statesman's affair with Mrs. Reynolds is more or less well known. If not, though, here is the engaging trap, and how a flashing aristocrat handled the matter.

In 1791, when Mrs. Hamilton was in Europe, a youthful Mrs. Reynolds asked a favor of Hamilton: that he give her, now deserted by her husband, money to return to her family in New York. Finding her attractive and more, enticing, he called upon her and carried on an affair with her. After a short time she wildly informed him that her husband had discovered all. Hamilton had to settle the matter with Mr. Reynolds by money as blackmail.

But Hamilton, handsome and seductive, could not resist the entreaties of Mrs. Reynolds, and so the affair was continued, with more blackmail, loans, etc. At the same time Hamilton was under suspicion by Congress for his high-handed way of managing the United States Treasury secretly. Three congressmen, having heard of financial deals with Reynolds, demanded an explanation, whereat Hamilton flew into a rage at the interference with his private affairs.

BUT because of the arguments of the congressmen, who declared their mission to be a public right in the name of democracy, Hamilton received them that evening with fairly courtly dignity and told the whole story at what was supposed to be a private meeting. A few months later, however, it was published in Virginia. But that publication, or any publication or talk or to-do on these matters, is possible only because of the interest of the people, which is impelled by prejudice overemphasizing and misdirecting sex.

Finally, in a couple of years thereafter, Hamilton himself published the story. And then, in 1795, he resigned as Secretary of the Treasury. In a sense he was a convincingly big enough man to scorn all this. Not only that, but later, being offered the office of Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, he declined. Although the Mrs. Reynolds exposure had no effect upon his later life in a metropolis like New York City, where he, practicing law, was recognized as the leader of the bar, how different it might and no doubt would have been elsewhere—in the backwoods. Can you not guess?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT
Continued from page thirty-five

But there are other cases, all quite remarkable, and all, in these instances, apart from statesmanship and politics, and having to do with preachers, professors, artists, bankers, and other professional men of distinction.

Back in 1900 there was Harry Thurston Peck, Anthon Professor of Literature at Columbia University, and an interesting and even eminent critic of his time. He was also editor of the Bookman and of the International Encyclopædia. He wrote a Life of Prescott, Twenty Years of the Republic, Literature and Studies in Several Literatures, and A History of Classical Philology, all valuable books.

But by 1906, or even earlier, his real troubles had arrived in the shape of a woman, one Esther Quinn of Boston, I believe. There were some letters as well as, finally, threats, which resulted in 1908 in his wife obtaining a divorce (for purposes of quiet, his position, etc.) in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, on the grounds of desertion. But although he was free in one sense, his troubles over affection increased; the lady desired marriage, and, since the matter had got into the papers, he was immediately requested to resign his chair at Columbia. Thereupon, being a good critic, he sought to continue his labors in that field, and one or two magazines did continue to publish papers by him.

But his social position was gone. His educational and other friends deserted him. By 1913 he had filed papers in bankruptcy and about the same time suffered a nervous breakdown which swiftly passed to softening of the brain. By this time, and while Miss Quinn was pressing her suit for $50,000 damages, his former wife, by then a Christian Scientist, returned and undertook his care. None the less, in 1914 he died, convinced in his weakened mental state that he was none other than George W. Hurstwood, the failure in Sister Carrie, whom, I was assured at the time, he imagined himself to be. In his better days he had admired and praised the book.

The idea of moral regulation of sex activities always was preposterous.

BUT now consider, if you will, the lusty preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, a magnet drawing 3,000 persons to his services every Sunday. What are the facts concerning this great liberal leader of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn? In 1870 Theodore Tilton was editor of the New York Independent, and Beecher of the Christian Union. These papers were rivals. During that year Mrs. Tilton left her husband. When she desired advice on this matter from Beecher, the latter, after talking the matter over with his wife, urged separation.

Later, in the trial, uncontradicted testimony came out to the effect that Tilton had told several persons of his grievances against Beecher. In December, 1870, Tilton wrote Beecher a letter demanding his resignation as minister of Plymouth Church. And, of course, Beecher paid no attention to it. Tilton then wrote an article against Beecher, with more or less indefinite accusations. However, H. C. Bowen, the proprietor of the New York Independent, who disapproved of the attack on Beecher, closed his contracts with Tilton as editor—whereupon Tilton, deeply aggravated, attacked Beecher. The latter defiantly retaliated by demanding that a committee be appointed from his congregation to investigate these attacks. Then and then only did Tilton publicly charge Beecher with criminal intercourse with Mrs. Tilton.

None the less, by an investigating committee appointed by the members of his church, Beecher was exonerated, and the subsequent trial at law resulted in three votes for Tilton and nine for Beecher, but only after the jury had been confined for a week.

In New York, where people are frequently more independent, Beecher was less denounced than outside, where his influence was impaired. For after this his books sold poorly, his lectures were not desired, etc. Only his congregation in Brooklyn remained loyal to him. He had committed, as you see, the crime of crimes.

THE next most interesting case, to me, and some phases of the public reaction to which seem to me most profoundly silly, was that of Stanford White, shot and killed by the eccentric Harry Thaw because of a sensual and emotional interest he had once taken in Evelyn Nesbit—the heroine, if you choose to look at it that way, of the Thaw-White case.

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, as the testimony of Thaw's trial showed, had, long before her marriage to Thaw, been a friend of White, and still was at the time he was shot by Harry Thaw. More, the evidence showed that White, a family friend, had been sending Evelyn's kid brother to school. Not only that, but, according to examined witnesses, before Evelyn Nesbit was married she had had an operation, and White had sent her to Europe to recuperate. It was in Europe that Thaw met her and the two went off together. The general assumption was that Evelyn Nesbit, in order the more to win Thaw's affection, had sought to stir him with semiromantic, semitragic details of her seduction by White, and had succeeded in doing so. It was also sworn that Thaw, for two years before the murder, had threatened to kill Stanford White.

But White, Thaw's victim, was really a most distinguished artist and architect. He had designed the Library of Columbia University, as well as many buildings—Madison Square Garden, the Washington Arch at the foot of Fifth Avenue, the Judson Memorial Church in Washington Square—all beautiful; some still standing, others features of a city that is now no more. His art was delicate and exquisite, albeit of an exotic Oriental mien. Among other gems of his creation was the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, then presided over by the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst of New York, of vice-crusading fame; an Eastern design, realized in glazed terra cotta, white marble, and green granite in column form. Yet after Thaw's trial, in which it appeared that White was an immoral man, despite the genuine beauty of the church, for which White received encomiums from far and wide, the congregation decided that since such a man had designed the church, they could not worship there—

seek the beauty of worship there. And so they abandoned it.

Not only that, but ever since that time the art of White appears to have absorbed some taint which can never be quite eradicated. Mention to any moral or social coward, any solemn or dull religionist or moralist, that this or that arch, garden, memorial tower, library, church, is a work of the genius of Stanford White, and you have added a detail which appears actually to tarnish or discolor the beauty of the thing itself. And yet, consider the inanity of all this as contrasted with the following:

Resolved, that the executive committees of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, the Society of Beaux Arts Architects and the Architectural League of New York, desire, in the name of their respective societies, to express their sense of the great loss which the profession and the art of architecture have sustained in the death of Stanford White.

His quick and generous appreciation of all that is beautiful, even beyond the field of his immediate profession, was so genuine that the influence of his work will long continue to be a stimulus to the artistic development of this country.

Only those of us who have been closely associated with him professionally can fully appreciate the love and enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to art.

His was a commanding personality, and whatever he produced had the touch of genius.

IN this connection I might remark that I was somewhat amused to find, among the many reasons in editorial comment for defending me, this: That if a man were a genius, he did not have to be moral.

In other words, laws, religious dogma, and prejudice in the matter of adultery only put a powerful blackmail weapon in the possession of every slicker with which to trim his enemies. These laws can be and are used as a trap by those who have no sense of decency toward their fellow men. Sometimes a whole affair with a woman is foreplanned with the idea of blackmail—that is, taking money from the victim by threat of exposure or litigation.

Attorney-General J. Weston Allen, investigating such conditions in the vicinity of Boston a few years ago, finally preferred charges against William J. Corcoran, former District Attorney of Middlesex County, and several others, as an alleged blackmail gang which had extorted money from wealthy men lured into compromising situations.

One witness in one of these trap cases, a certain Edmund D. Barbour, a man of wealth and social position, testified that he, on being discovered in his office with a woman, had paid $362,000, part of it to appease supposedly revengeful persons, and $25,000 of it was designated as counsel fee to Corcoran. Harry F. Levenson

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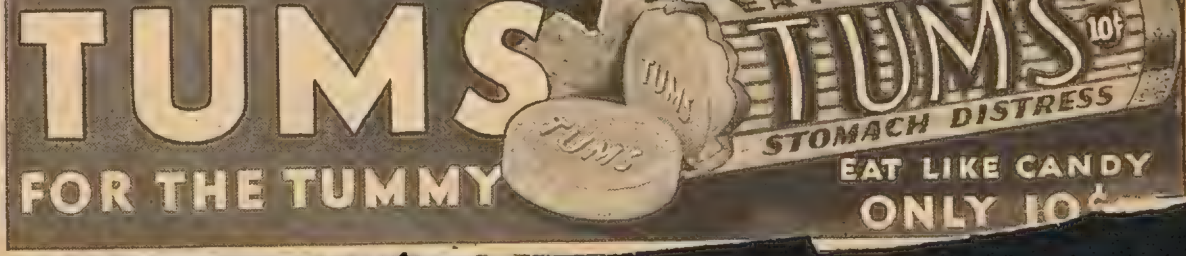

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[THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT
Continued from page thirty-seven]

testified that in 1917 he, with Lillian Kingston, also known as "Brownie" Kennedy, had planned to try to compromise Adolph Zukor, Hiram Abrams, Jesse Lasky, and other motion-picture magnates for the purpose of extorting money from them by threats of exposure. Corcoran and a number of his friends were convicted—Corcoran, on May 5, 1924, being sentenced to from seven to ten years in state's prison, at the same time that Mrs. Theresa Duggan and J. Warren Kane, also convicted on blackmail charges, were sentenced.

Another charge made by Attorney-General Allen was that there had been a conspiracy to extort $50,000 from Albert Victor Searles, a Boston artist. And, finally, Corcoran and five others were indicted as a ring.

BUT, of course, traps and tricks for purposes of extortion or destruction are common the world over. They spring and will continue to spring from the assertion on the part of the church and state, nose-led religionist and professional public and usually self-seeking moralist, that the sex act between two people out of wedlock is not only a sin but a crime. And yet, since when? I think I have already shown since when, and why. But this assertion, even in connection with the necessity, *if it is a necessity,* of establishing accurately the parentage of children is not sound. For decidedly, if one chooses to arrange the economic benefits of society equitably enough, it is no crime to ignore a so-called social legitimacy so long as economic and social ills of any marked character do not follow.

In Russia, where the economic laws of the country have been so arranged, there is, as I have said, no implication of taint or crime. Men and women are not blackmailed for their affairs with one another, girls are not white-slaved for purposes of prostitution, and cannot be. There is no asinine Mann Act, a blackmailing law in effect if not in intent, nor any "true name" act for hotel patrons—another device resulting in the extortion of money.

In sum, *and as I see it,* it is high time that this red-herring trail of "immorality" cease to be used to divert the really sensual-minded attention of the public from crimes of far more import in which they should be truly interested. Certainly, in my case, charging me with adultery did not improve the condition of the miners of Harlan. It was intended to divert public attention from their plight to sex—and, except for my personal attack on the crookedness of it, might have done so.

So here stands adultery, now a vicious crime or, at the best, grounds for blackmail. And yet the only sensible reason for these great abuses concomitant with the state's and the church's interpretation of adultery is the betterment of parentage! must be meant the betterment of offspring. And does it follow that regulated parentage is better than unregulated parentage? Has it been proved? Russia does not appear to think so. And most certainly the countries in which religious dogma has most drastically dominated the lives of the people—Russia before the revolution, Spain, Italy, Mexico, and nearly all South American countries—do not prove that the physical or mental betterment of the race follows upon either moral or religious regulation of sex activities.

In fact, the idea of moral regulation of sex activities always was preposterous, and now, in this scientific age, is more than that. For at this moment are we not looking upon a world committed in theory to just such regulation, and in the past oriented both by religion and law in that direction, yet seeing what we see? Out of an approximate two billions of people, no more than 500,000,000 are relatively valuable, either physically or mentally; the other 1,500,000,000, owing to economic and hence social or scientific deprivation, are actually as low in the social scale as it is possible to be. And to remedy that, we insist, theoretically at least (church and state alike), that all of the millions of sexual acts that go on all over the world every day be regulated. The idea is lunatic. And, to my way of thinking, that silly business might be dismissed, the while economics or, in other words, reasonable and equitable distribution of the necessities of life, as well as the scientific care and control of the health of the individual, were studied and put into practice.

AND why not birth control, if social control is really deemed advisable? For most certainly any phase of law in this field should not be directed against the act of sexual intercourse itself, but *against conceiving children of unknown parentage, or children who have no known male parent.* But even in that case, and as in Russia today, the object should be solely to determine the question of economic responsibility and the care of offspring by rightful parents. That is certainly equitable and reasonable where possible. All else is bosh. And certainly birth control, the right to prevent conception, is the only other economic or social fact worth a cent in all this pother.

With these things arranged for, there would, *as I see it,* break a clear light which would show up the present-day sexual craziness and prejudice against adultery for what it is—lunacy. A more natural outlook upon life would be achieved. What is more, blackmail over sexual intercourse without children would be entirely eliminated.

But, despite all this, how long are we going to wait before the law, the church, and the people eliminate blackmail, bias, and provincialism *as today they function* in connection with this matter?

Happy Birthday

A New For the Love o' Lil

OF late Sally had found Eddie's jealousy and his determination to "keep her out of harm" most annoying. She told him so more than once, but it didn't seem to make the slightest impression on Eddie Bruce, the future musical genius of America.

After Ralph Blue, the handsome State Mounted Police officer, appeared on the scene, Eddie's vigilance increased. His resentment of the older man was too pathetic, particularly when Eddie followed up each violent outburst with boxes of candy, with books, and with other little gifts which he could ill afford.

At all hours Eddie was apt to drop in. He was writing a new song dedicated to Sally and nearly drove the whole family mad. Pa Jones threatened to sell the piano, and the whole family wished that Sally would either marry him or give him poison.

But the blow-up came on Eddie's birthday. He was going to have a party at Sally's house and supply his own trimmings. This was the first birthday celebration he had planned in the three years since he had left his home town. Eddie was due to arrive at six.

This week's cover picture.

But at five o'clock she got a call from Ralph Blue—a call which seemed to smack of official police matters—and Sally became mortally afraid. What if they had tracked down Lil and Sandy? What if she were going to be involved as an accessory after the fact—guilty of obstructing justice? She completely forgot Eddie's birthday, got into her things, and drove the twelve miles in the rain to the State Police headquarters.

Ralph met her outside with a grin a mile broad.

"Hello, kid," he greeted her. "It was terribly sweet of you to come over."

"Sweet?" she gasped. "Wasn't I being called here by the police?"

"Yes," he said, getting into the car beside her. "But I could have taken care of everything. They are going to put a seal on the Jenkins house, and I thought you might want to attend to a few things in there first. But the thing was I had to see you—and I couldn't get off. There was something important I had to tell you."

"Ralph," she asked, with a sigh of relief that her worries were needless, "what is it?"

"This is my birthday," he said, "and I had to have something nice happen on it, as I'm on duty until eight tomorrow morning."

"Well, I'll be a Chinaman!" breathed Sally. "You didn't drag me all the way over here just for that?"

"Just for that!" he repeated solemnly. "I want twenty-nine kisses."

"You'll get twenty-nine slaps," decided Sally severely.

But somehow Ralph was very convincing and shockingly capable of arguing his cause. Sally found herself switching places, and Ralph driving. Eventually they hit the main street, and stopped for hot chocolate. Presently Ralph glanced at his watch.

"Good heavens! After seven! I'll be late. Let me take your car, will you, and I'll send one of the boys back with it right away."

And off he went, leaving Sally to wonder why he was the one man who could get away with murder with her.

She walked down the main street to the cigar store to telephone home. And whom should she bump into but Eddie Bruce, umbrella head on, packages and everything else scattered on the oozy pavement!

At the sight of his pained expression, Sally suddenly remembered it was Eddie's birthday, too!

"YOU LOOK LOVELY, DEAR—

how wonderfully those new tablets have improved your complexion!"

COMPLEXION fresh and glowing, eyes that sparkle, skin soft and lambent . . . how can you hope to have these natural charms that captivate men's hearts if you are irritable, restless, your nerves on edge? You can't!

That's why this woman, as thousands of others are now doing, gives first thought to protecting her nerves, to building basic health and vigor, which is always reflected in radiant complexion and clear, youthful skin.

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Laws to Fix Fixers

New York, N. Y.—Your editorial, "Graft—Our Greatest National Menace," appeared to me to be but partly true. Surely graft is one of the greatest, but our greatest menace lies in our judicial system—the ease with which anyone in the know can avoid conflict by "reaching" the judge.

It has become a natural reaction nowadays, if one receives a summons or any court order, to call up someone who knows someone who can help you out of your difficulty. There are always "fixers" who can take care of you in small or large cases.

Herein lies our greatest national menace, making a travesty of justice—practically eliminating it from our courts. And what can the judge do but grant these favors? He is controlled by politics, and no matter how honest he would like to be he dare not decline favors asked of him by political bosses if he desires to remain in office.

Give us laws to take the judiciary out of politics!—*R. E.*

Why Not Run for Office Yourself?

Lynwood, Calif.—Your March 5 editorial, "Graft—Our Greatest National Menace," interested me exceedingly.

We elect a President, Vice President, congressmen, etc., to office, as a government "of the people, by the people." After they are in office, they turn around and bite the hand that feeds them.

We have, as yet, discovered no way to make our elected officials do the people's—their bosses'—bidding.—*T. Cook.*

This Must Have Been Some Other Marine Corps

New York, N. Y.—I read "An International Episode," by Philip Wylie.

I will not attempt to point out all the errors and mistakes. It would take a letter as long as this alleged story.

For instance: Since when does a retired brigadier general of the Marines use language of an East Side gangster?

Where did the marine band of thirty-pieces come from? There is but one marine band, and that is stationed at Washington, D. C.

The story says, "Flint had remained in the navy as a last resort after a desperate search for honorable employment." Does that mean that a navy man is not honorably employed?

Boatswains are warrant officers, do not sleep in hammocks, and are not detailed to duty aboard destroyers. There are no hammocks on destroyers, either.

If the writer that concocted this bunch of junk ever gives you another story about the Navy or Marine Corps, send me a copy and I will correct it for him. But I'm afraid there would not be enough left for a reading time of one second.—*Fred Raleigh (eighteen years honorable employment in the U. S. Navy and U. S. Marine Corps).*

All Right, Let's Go!

San Diego, Calif.—Liberty is not downed by the depression. It knows we will pull ourselves out of the slump. It knows what the trouble is, and what's got to be done about it.

A. G. Letson, Jr.

The trouble is that we have too many laws. The basic foundation of our government is forgotten in the rush of ambitious politicians to fulfill their political promises. Repeal our worst laws, among them the laws hampering business, and the Eighteenth Amendment, and good times will have a chance to knock at the door. Give labor a chance, give business a chance, give the nation a chance, and let's get off to a new start!—*A. G. Letson, Jr.*

Another Bug

Seattle, Wash.—We have some nutty things in Seattle, but the nuttiest is Liberty. Did you ever break open a four-month-old egg? Well, when I open Liberty I feel the same way.—*Jack Haag, Jr., Esq.*

Something for the Back-to-the-Farm Critics

Kansas City, Mo.—What the critics of your back-to-the-farm program don't seem to realize, Mr. Editor, is that it's better to spend a little money, and help the unemployed to help themselves, than to spend a lot of money on idle people who never will be able to stand on their own feet. Those who advocate going back to the land aren't foolish enough to maintain that such a hegira can be accomplished without financial assistance. The point they are making is that such assistance need only be temporary.

On farms the unemployed will become self-supporting. In the cities there's no prospect of their becoming anything but public charges.—*F. B.*

And We Were Trying to Keep All This a Secret

Newark, N. J.—Liberty owes its success to its novels. It has found the ingredients best suited for reading for the average American man and woman. As practically all the stories are of the same exciting and thrilling type, the readers of Liberty are not a heterogeneous collection of individuals, but a group whose ideas and intellect are on a fairly even par. In other words, Liberty's readers are those average, wide-awake men and women who enjoy a spicy, adventuresome, fast-moving story.—*Leon Leibowitz.*

Leon Leibowitz

What Do You Mean, Without Success?

South Bend, Ind.—"America's Best Read Weekly." No doubt. A person will naturally scan every line, frantically looking, without success, for his nickel's worth!—*Wisecracker.*

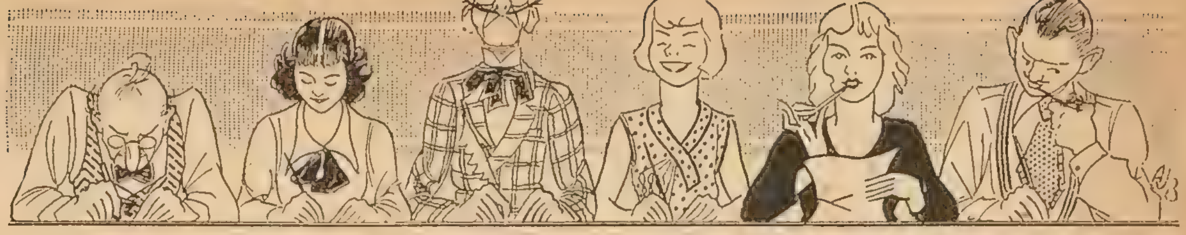
Gable Has a Rival

St. Louis, Mo.—Say! Some of these articles about movie stars just burn me up. Take that one, "The Great God Gable," by Adela Rogers St. Johns.

Just because Gable is strong, and fairly good to look at in a roughneck kind of a way, is that any reason why the girls should go nuts about him, and turn the cold shoulder on other strong and good-to-look-at guys like me and a lot more I could name? There isn't any sense to it. I'll bet if I had my mug thrown on to the screens of as many movie houses as that bozo's is thrown on, I'd have more fan mail than he has, and frails would go for me in a bigger way than they do for him.

Why not put up a statue of Gable, and see how many flappers would kneel down in front of it? And if any of 'em knelt down, then would come my time to do my stuff with a sledge hammer. And there wouldn't be so many flappers flapping the next day.—*A Tough Egg.*

Pop



Hard Reading for "Soft" Parents

HOUSTON, TEX. — Your anonymous article, "Help!" cut its way through to the very soul of millions of mothers who had refused to listen to the truth, and had ridiculed the idea that their daughters could do wrong. Why hadn't someone had the guts to tell this truth before? Why can't mothers realize that the temptations lying in wait for their precious daughters of tender years are comparable to subjecting a beautiful fragrant rose to boiling water? The result amounts to the same thing.

I SEE EVERYTHING MY DAUGHTER DOES!

It's as though mothers tied bandages around their eyes and told the world: "I see everything my daughter does."

Such mothers admit a thing is possible in another family, but they know it could not happen in *their* families.

The writer is not a preacher but just an ordinary traveling salesman who has been watching this wonderful country, which Lincoln hoped would have a new birth of freedom under God, go to the devil.—*H. L. V.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. — "Help!" — Gee, that article sure made me think. It was all very true. I am a young man, nineteen years of age, and I know.

I have committed the same sin (I realize, now, it is a sin). The girl is just sixteen, not out of high school yet. I never fully realized, before, just how serious it all was, or how her parents would feel if they knew. But I'm going to marry this girl. Very few do.

This sort of thing is going on every day, but what can be done? Plenty, I say! It is all the parents' fault. If my father had only talked to me when I was young, I know I would be different today.—*Also Anonymous.*

WAY DOWN IN OLE VIRGINIA—"Help!" sure was some article. I'm sorry for the mothers, but they evidently don't train their daughters right.

I like girls, no question about that, and have plenty of good times with them, though I can't say I like the morals of most of the modern girls.

Why is it that, every time a boy goes on a date with a girl, she thinks he is a dumb goof if he doesn't come across with his share of the necking?

What's more, she tells her girl friends how dumb he is, and therein lies his reputation. Other girls then don't want a date with him.

I know from experience, and also from hearing my sister and her girl friends talk, as to the contempt they hold for a boy who won't neck. So, you modern young maidens, if you want an unkissed, morally straight, clean young man for a husband, you will have to hunt far and wide, or else change your morals and ways.—*A Boy of Va.*

Oh, So That's It?

WESTWOOD, CALIF. — William Inglis, in his article, "Why Tunney Retired from the Ring," seemed a little at a loss to account for Tunney's lack of popularity.

Well, here's the explanation. No one likes a running fighter, or ever will, unless he runs forward.

Where would we be now if we had fought the World War running backwards?—*An Ex-Fighter.*

A Bouquet for Mr. Smith

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—May I contribute my few words in behalf of Frederick James Smith, Liberty's ace cinema critic? My personal opinion places Mr. Smith at the very top of his profession. I sincerely believe that his reviews on the screen plays are the most intelligent and accurate of all.

Manning Ostroff

Vox Poppers to the contrary, I venture to say that your page on things cinematic is the finest feature in Liberty.—*Manning Ostroff.*

A Couple of Cheers for Our New $5,000 Offer

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Atta mag., Liberty! So many of my friends have complained to me that periodicals seem to have entered into a deliberate conspiracy to keep novice writers out, and give consideration to Big Names only. Doubtless many Vox Poppers have made the same complaint. And now, as if to prove that there's at least one magazine that welcomes beginners, comes your "First Story" offer, with its $5,000 fund.

Trust Liberty to be the first with a swell idea like that!—*F. Williams.*

RENO, NEV.—The announcement of a contest for unknown writers was great and brave, for I have had the feeling that news writers were about the only ones who had a chance with Liberty. I say that it is brave, because I realize what a mountain of wasted pages you will receive.—*Adele D'orsay.*

Just Say "Peace" and You Start a Fight

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Just read Jane Addams' article, "Disarm and Have Peace!"

Yes, ma'am! There's not a man, woman, or child in this country—war profiteers excepted—who would not rather have peace than war.

There's only one little drawback to your noble sentiments. The United States is only *one* of the fifty-two nations mentioned by Miss Addams.

We're willing to disarm and have everlasting peace . . . *if* you can persuade the remaining fifty-one nations to do the same.—*Gaston.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—When the nations were fighting the World War, the general sentiment, in all armies, was: "Never again, as long as the world shall last!"

That should be the nations' sentiment now. It is madness that such is not entirely the case. But articles like Jane Addams' will help to bring that sentiment back.—*L. Johnson.*

ROME, GA.—It is such pacifists as Miss Addams who will cause our mothers' sons to go into battle, in case of a future war, with rifles they are unable to fire in self-defense.—*H. A. McKee.*

Here's Hoping You Get Your Money, Buddy

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—I am nine years old. I began selling Liberty when I was eight, that was over a year ago. I began by selling six copies, and have now worked my business up to 20 copies per week. Now, what I am asking you is how can I get my customers to pay up promptly? Sometimes they say they have not the change, and I leave the copy and call again and again before I can collect.

Sometimes I never get the money. What in heck can I do, threaten them with a water pistol?

They all tell me Liberty is the best magazine they buy, so please publish this so that my customers will see it and pay up promptly. Also it may help other guys like me who have trouble in collecting.—*Buddy.*

Judith Runs Out of Gas

(Reading time: 20 minutes 55 seconds.)

THE pup was crouched by the roadside against a little bunch of straggling beach weeds. Dickie stopped short when he saw him, and also stopped whistling.

He was a small pup. His body was stocky and partly white and partly spotted. His head hung down dejectedly toward a quite out-of-date bone that looked as if he had been gnawing on it for some days—a positively threadbare bone. His face was mostly white, but there was a black patch round one eye. His features were a bit like a British bulldog's; only his cheeks were more chubby, as a Boston terrier's are, and one ear was soft and large and floppy, and despite his general dilapidation the other was very prick. His cheeks were pink, but it wasn't with the pink of health. They were feverish, and there was pain in his puzzled puppy eyes.

Then Dickie saw that one of his legs had been broken. The paw was "twisted round sort of!"

Dickie put down his top and his pet frog, and then went down on his knees beside the pup and said:

"Hullo, puppy. What's the matter? Poor little pupdog, nice little fellow!"

The pain lingered in the brown eyes, but it was overlaid with hope, hope vivid and desperate, yearning indescribable. His ear quivered; agitations played about his little fat stub of a tail. "Here," said the brown eyes, "may be someone who likes me!"

"I do like you," said Dickie seriously. "But the aunts won't let me have a pup—they say dogs aren't hygienic an' septic and has fleas."

His little hand soothed the puppy's head. The puppy licked his hand with a small sudden pink lick that was still not quite sure of being welcome. Suddenly Dickie cuddled him close. He didn't figure it out that way, but he felt a sort of kinship with the disconsolate little dog. He was lonely too—a little parentless American boy, rather lost in a still unfamiliar world of aunts and "don'ts" and "musts" in a tiny Australian town.

He sat flat on the ground with his legs stuck out straight and wide before him, and the pup sat between them while Dickie's little brown hands investigated the pup's hurt foot.

Then there was a rude laugh behind him—and he looked round to see Bully Morton, the terror of the town's small boys, picking up his top and his frog.

Dickie scrambled to his feet and cried:

"Hey! You let those things alone!"

DICKIE sat up and saw the pup hanging to Bully's leg with his little milk teeth.

In Which Dickie Acquires a Dog and the Neighbors a Choice Morsel of Gossip

By

DOROTHY COTTRELL

Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

Bully Morton swung the frog round by its lead string, so that it croaked. "I been wanting a frog an' a top," he said.

Dickie's fists clenched, his face went crimson.

"Give them to me!"

For answer Bully caught his arm and twisted it. Bully was a town bad boy who wasn't a hero in disguise. He was cruel and ugly.

"Let *go!* I'll yell!" cried Dickie, struggling.

"Go on and do!" invited the thief, indicating the emptiness of white beach hummocks and deep-blue sky. "Yowl. I'll like it!"

"Give me my things!"

"They ain't yours, are they?" asked Bully, twisting and leering.

Dickie's heart pitched with pain and fright, but he was fighting mad. He tried to bite Bully's arm, but Bully swung him round so he couldn't.

"Say they ain't yours!"

"They are!" he choked, wondering his arm didn't come off and trying to kick Bully's shins. "They *are* mine!"

Bully twisted harder. "Think again!" he jeered.

TEARS burst from Dickie's unwilling eyes; he gave a whimper of pain. And then there was a diversion. From somewhere about Bully's feet arose a whirlwind of growls and barks. Bully let out a yell and released his hold. Dickie fell sobbing to the sand—sat up and saw the pup hanging to Bully's leg with his little milk teeth!

Bully kicked savagely, flinging the pup across the sand. But he didn't whimper! Instead, even before he hit the ground he was running back for Bully again! And Dickie had grabbed a stick and was in to help him.

Bully knocked Dickie down and kicked the pup again—but again he was running in the air to get back before he fell, and there was a shining flare of fury in his puppy eyes.

Bully caught him up this time and flung him cruelly away, so that he came down so hard that the wind was knocked right out of him, and he lay on his side moaning and trying to get up. Then Bully hit Dickie on the nose so that he sat down harder than the first time, and then he went away with the frog and the top.

Dickie tried to stanch the blood from his nose with his sleeve, and sobbing he crawled to the pup.

"Are you hurt, puppy?"

The pup gave a little growl to show what he would like to do to the vanishing Bully. Then he gave a great slavering kiss to Dickie. "Well," it seemed to say, "we weren't quite big enough for him this time. But just wait, boss!"

There could be no mistake about his feeling for Dickie now. He was terribly sure that he was Dickie's dog. Dickie cried gulpingly into his fur and hugged him.

It was settled. Somehow he had to keep the pup. It could not *not* be his pup after it had fought for him against such dreadful odds with its little hurt leg dragging in the sand.

He took it in his arms and set out determinedly for the home of Mr. Tobergill, the vet. As he went he thought so hard that his forehead was all creased between the little red-gold feathers of his eyebrows. He thought that perhaps Mr. Tobergill would mend pup's leg for him if he, Dickie, pleaded hard enough; but he certainly wouldn't look after pup and feed him until he was well unless he thought he was going to be paid.

Before he reached the vet's he had made up his mind. He pattered into Mr. Tobergill's office, very red in the face and clutching his dilapidated pup closely.

"This is Miss Judith MacLarron's little dog," he said

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JUDITH RUNS OUT OF GAS
Continued from page forty-three

breathlessly. "Will you please mend his leg and make him better and give him the very bestest care and lots to eat until he's well?"

Miss Judith MacLarron was Dickie's aunt. She was also one of Eolian's most respected citizens. The vet took the suffering puppy with appropriate reverence. His eyebrows did rise a little, however.

"I am surprised that Miss MacLarron didn't buy a pedigreed dog," he said. "This is a fearful mongrel, as you might say."

Dickie's heart burned with wrath at the insult to his treasure, but he had to be cautious. He must allay the vet's possible suspicions. He said the first thing he could think of.

"This dog is different," he said firmly. "It was give to her by a very, very dear friend."

THE vet, feeling that he had struck a rich vein of gossip in regard to Eolian's most formidable spinster, offered a lead.

"A gentleman friend, I suppose—men usually give dogs," he said with an assumption of carelessness.

Dickie misread his motives with a criminal's apprehensiveness. He still feared that the vet was doubting the pup's authenticity. He plunged on.

"Yes," he said thickly. "Her special man friend."

Mr. Tobergill fairly quivered with interest. "I suppose he calls pretty often?"

"He is al'ays there," said Dickie weakly, his blue eyes wide with dread. (If he could keep the vet talking long enough he would at least get the pup's leg set! Then, if the vet found out, Dickie could at least run with his pup before he "unset" him again.)

"Might I—er—ask the gentleman's name?" said the vet.

Dickie was in deep waters now—but the pup was drifting into unconsciousness under the influence of the chloroformed cotton at his nose. Soon his poor little leg would be mended! Dickie grasped for a name. For a second he could not think of any name at all.

"A local gentleman?" asked Mr. Tobergill, applying disinfectant.

"A—a Amerwicken."

"Well, well—and his name?"

Dickie's mind plunged back to California, seeking inspiration. For some reason he thought of the gas station where Big Dick used to have the old Ford filled when they went out on Sundays.

Dickie plunged. "Mr. Union Gasoline," he said indistinctly.

Now, it must be explained that until some years after Aunt Judith's engagement Union was not sold in Australia. Neither did the word gasoline have any meaning to the Australian mind—gasoline being petrol in all true British countries, and nothing else. Therefore the vet accepted Miss MacLarron's astounding suitor without disquietude.

"BUT everyone would know who the 'we' was!" cried the editor.

"Well, well!" he said again. "That's very nice." He straightened the pup's leg and began a workmanlike application of splints and bandages.

"When," he asked, "do they intend to be married?"

Dickie reeled, but he was in so hopeless a tangle now that it didn't really matter. The important thing was that the pup's leg was being fixed.

"Next month," he said firmly. Then, as a certain amount of precaution, he added: "But it's a sequit."

The vet's hand actually shook. Nothing like this had come his way in years.

"Er—they don't plan an elopement?" he asked throatily.

"What's a 'lopement?" said Dickie, watching the last touches given to the leg and beginning to breathe more easily.

"Well, do they think of—er—slipping away, as it were? A car at night—anything of that sort?"

Dickie hesitated. The idea of elopement rather appealed to him. Since he had been obliged to marry his austere aunt to one of the major oil companies, he might as well give her all the fun he could.

“They are going to belope in a motor boat to the Souf Seas,” he said. “And live there on a cannibal nisland with a lagoon!”

Evidently his story had worked, because, although before he left he almost had his maiden aunt in a grass skirt dancing the hula, the vet's last words were: “I'll have the little dog running round like a two-year-old before long, Master Dick!” And he added: “And I'll say nothing about what you've told me.”

“I wouldn't,” said Dickie. “I wouldn't even say nuffing to auntie if you meet her—nuffing about the dog, even. You see—you see—it's supposed to be my dog. It's—well, even the nother aunts don't know she has it!” This was strictly true—neither did the lady herself.

“Mum is the word,” said the vet. . . .

Eolian lay—and still lies in precisely the same manner—about five hundred miles north of the Tropic of Capricorn, lost in the swooning blue and silver, lilac and rich green heat-drowned loveliness of the Australian tropical coast.

Its sea was shimmeringly still, its encircling mountains dozed in hot blue haze under low pinkish woolly tropical clouds.

Its annual rainfall was about three hundred inches, and in it things grew! A squash vine became a galloping jungle of green; a common cosmos might nod pink flowers at the eaves of a two-story house.

Its citizens fed ripe yellow-cheeked mangoes to their cows, and complained of extortion when the price of bananas went above a shilling a hundredweight, and its oranges—breathe it not in California!—made all other oranges seem forever undersized and tasteless.

Occasionally the bottom fell out of the glass and there was deathly stillness under a strange green sky; and then, with a moan that passed all sense of sound, a cyclone bore down upon it, mixing earth and sky and sea in gray, incredible chaos.

In Eolian gossip grew like the squash vine and raged like the cyclone.

By the end of the second week after Dickie's taking pup to the vet, three things had happened.

Pup was jubilantly well and heartily sick of the sanitary care he was receiving and of the splint he was prevented from eating.

All Eolian was whispering and buzzing with the news that Miss Judith MacLarron was planning to elope with a mysterious stranger and live on a cannibal isle. It was even hinted that she had been rehearsing for the rôle of cannibal queen by dancing in grass blades and beads on the moonlit beach.

The third thing that happened was that Miss Judith MacLarron, formidable church-going spinster of fifty, heard of the first two.

BEING a woman of wide reading and some familiarity with foreign terms, she learned with even greater and more grim-lipped amazement of her prospective husband's identity.

“They are all saying that you are going to *elope!*” said Miss Vera MacLarron, tearfully imparting the news upon her return from a sewing bee.

“Well,” said Miss Judith, stirring her cake batter vigorously, “it's probably as near to matrimony as any of us will come.”

Miss Vera winced.

“You are even in the paper! Listen: ‘It is said that a certain prominent lady whose romance has excited Eolian in the last few weeks has been taking lessons in native costume dancing appropriate to the South Seas. How we wish we had been there!’ Do you hear, Judith? They say you even danced—*danced in a grass skirt!*” said Miss Vera in a hushed voice, but not without a certain inward thrill at the effect this information would assumably have upon the impeccable Judith.

Judith gave the batter a final twirl.

“Well,” she said, with a composure that greatly disappointed her sister, “I have always said that for those of us who weren't too fat” (Miss Vera *was* fat) “a grass skirt was the best attire in the tropics.”

“Judith!” said Miss Vera in the tone of one whose shocking information has failed to shock. Then, without any particular expectation of its having any marked effect, she added:

“It's to a man we've never heard of that you're supposed to be engaged. At least,” she continued with some venom, “a man I've never heard of—you may, of course, know more about him!”

Miss Judith raised her eyebrows.

“What's his name?” she asked.

Miss Vera repeated the suitor's name, but it obviously was no more surprising to her than it had been to the gossiping Mr. Tobergill. Miss Judith, however, spun about and faced her, while the red ran slowly up her faded cheeks and dyed her brow to the roots of her severe gray hair.

“Oh, yes?” she said in a peculiar voice, which somehow suggested that, while Miss Judith was not of an age or nationality to say “Oh, yeah?” her “Oh, yes?” was the equivalent.

“WHAT'S the matter now?” said Miss Vera. “Is there such a person?”

“There is,” said Miss Judith grimly. “Only ‘product’ would be the better word.” Her worn hand clenched on the table end. Her eyes boded ill for someone, as did the deliberate way in which she folded her lips.

“Save the mark!” cried Miss Vera in what had been considered the very smartest way a generation before. “Why are you taking on like this?”

“It is one thing to hear the wagging of you gossips' tongues getting a little louder than usual,” said Miss Judith, reaching for her hat. “It is another to be deliberately made fun of by some mean-mouthed nitwit!”

“But who has?” twittered Miss Vera.

“I don't know,” said Miss Judith, drawing her hat down with a vigor that nearly removed the crown. “But they will wish they hadn't when I find out!”

“Wait a minute, Judith!” shrieked Miss Vera. “Here's a note from Mr. Tobergill, the vet. It's marked ‘Private.’”

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FOR

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JUDITH RUNS OUT OF GAS
Continued from page forty-five

Miss Judith strode back and grasped the missive. She ripped it open with rigid finger. Instead of the confidential information she expected to receive "respectfully" and for her own good, the letter contained nothing but a bill for one pound ten for the care and feeding of "one spotted bull pup"! Miss Judith reeled.

"The world's gone mad!" she said.

Then she pocketed the letter and, leaving Miss Vera in a perfect ferment of curiosity, she set out down Harp Street.

An hour later she came striding back again, leading a peculiar dog upon a string. There was still fire in her eye, but there was a certain reminiscent twist of pleasure about her mouth; for she had (metaphorically speaking) left the dead upon many fields during the hour just past.

To Mr. Tobergill she had said:

"The next time you are interested in disrobing ladies to dance upon moonlit beaches or rule cannibal isles, be good enough to choose one of the younger generation to whom it comes more naturally. As for the dog, you will kindly receipt this bill as paid in full, and"—she pointed with her lean forefinger—"also make me a present of the collar and chain with which the objectionable object is fastened. Otherwise I will action you for libel. . . . Dickie may or may not have told you this or that, but he is six years old and I can't well serve papers upon him. But I can, and will, upon you—unless this bill is receipted in five minutes!"

She was now leading a dog—with no liens or financial encumbrances—upon Mr. Tobergill's erstwhile chain and collar.

"I AM surprised that Miss MacLarron didn't buy a pedigreed dog," the vet said.

TO the editor of the Eolian Independent Guiding Star she said:

"You will—free of charge—devote the middle of the front page of your literary abomination to a three-column-wide apology reading: 'The prominent lady whose romance has been exciting Eolian in the last few weeks is interested to learn of her intended elopement, likewise of her asserted styles of costuming and dancing. She further wishes it to be known that she will bring an action for defamation of character against the next person heard to repeat, publish, or affirm these rumors. For our own part in these slanderous statements we most humbly apologize, and we will make a man-size effort to get within hailing distance of facts in future.'"

"But," said the editor, "my space is of value! I can not and will not do this! We mentioned no names—"

"Neither," said Miss Judith, "do I; nor do I ask you to sign the apology."

"But everyone would know who the 'we' was!" cried the editor. "There is no reason for this absurd request—"

"Everyone knew who the 'prominent lady' was, didn't they?" she said. She looked at him coolly. "That apology goes in," she added, "or the Woman's Temperance League withdraws its advertising and the Church Workers' Union takes out its weekly crochet pattern and the—"

"How," said the editor, "would you like the apology placed?"

From the newspaper office she went to the Ladies' Aid and the Matrons' Guild and the Friendly Club. In each place she left silence and an air purified of scandal behind her.

Now she came home, taking long strides in her masculine shoes.

"And now," she said, "I am going to interview the fountainhead!"

Alone with the criminal in the woodshed, she folded her arms and said:

"Now, young man, perhaps you will explain yourself?"

HE choked. He looked down at his small clasped hands.

"He was such a dear pup and he so thought he was mine!" he whispered. "I can keep him, Aunt Judith? Oh, please!"

"You certainly can not," said she. "I did not get the vet to have him destroyed—which was the only sensible thing to have done—because I didn't want to go behind your back. You apparently have no hesitation about going behind mine."

His face was pale with apprehension.

"Aunt Judith, can't I keep him? Oh, please!"

"You can keep him—tied up in the yard, well away from the house—until we find a good home for him. That's more than you deserve. Now tell me, please, why you told that amazing fairy tale about me."

He told her—beginning with the episode of the stolen frog and how the pup had fought for him. Miss Judith sat rigid and immobile.

"Well," she said at last, "that at least makes it more intelligible, if not more excusable. And I'll get your wretched frog back for you—I'm sure I don't know why! Now tell me one thing more. *Why* did you say I was going to marry Mr. Union Gasoline?"

He looked at her with his wide sea-blue eyes. His face flushed like a small rosy apple with impending tears. His red lip shook.

"Because I c-c-couldn't think of anyone else as would marry you, Aunt Judith," he said.

"I see," said the lady grimly. She looked at him with her head on one side. "When I first heard of it," she said half to herself, "I thought that it was a deliberate insult intended to make me a laughingstock. But you are too young for satire."

She stood up. "It's really well for you, young man, that I can't help having a sense of humor," she said. He did not comprehend this, as he failed to comprehend most of her remarks, but he did see that he was unexpectedly forgiven. He ran to her and caught her hand between his little eager ones.

"Dear Aunt Judith," he said—and her face softened a little. "Nice Aunt Judith! Oh, Aunt Judith, let me keep him! You will get to love him terribly much!"

The pup looked up with his head on his stubby paws;

his eye was very wide and cute. But Miss Judith was adamant.

"No," she said. "That is final."

Dickie clung to her skirts.

"Aunt Judith, may I keep him just a month, to see if you get to love him dearly?"

She looked at the anguished little face.

"Very well," she said slowly. "But it's only prolonging the agony."

"If you are ever glad to see him, can I keep him forever then?"

"Good land!" cried Miss Judith. "Yes! If I'm ever glad to see the creature, you can take me to the asylum and do what you like with him!" She stalked out.

A FEW days later the four MacLarron aunts were in conference.

"The child must," they said, "have something the matter with his breathing!"

"It is terrible," said Miss Vera. "I can hardly sleep for it."

They were deeply concerned; for Dickie, whom fate had thrust upon them, was the apple of their eyes and his health kept them in a perpetual pricking of fear. And Dickie had suddenly, out of a clear sky, developed a horrifying and reverberating snore. For the past week they had listened to it with growing horror.

"We must take him to a doctor," said Miss Cecilia. "But I never trust the men! They may want to cut his nose off, next thing!"

"I doubt," said Miss Judith, "if his nose is as valuable to the medical profession as it is in our eyes." But she too was troubled.

"You would not have thought," they said, "that a very young child could snore like that!"

Silently, sorrowfully they tiptoed round to Dickie's little mosquito-curtained bed. The awesome sounds continued. Even the resolute Judith was shaken upon hearing them at close range.

"He can't go on snoring like that and not choke himself," she said. "I'm going to wake him, if I let in a hundred mosquitoes!" She lifted the curtain, turned down the rumpled sheet—and stood petrified.

Dickie's round, red-curled head lay upon the pillow. Beside the bloom and curve of the angelic cheek was visible the head of a vulgar spotted little dog, still sleeping the deep sleep of puppies, but already snoring with the royal emphasis of bulldogs!

"Thank the Lord!" said Miss Judith. Then she began to laugh, remembering a bargain in the woodshed. "At least," she said, "I'll claim the right of christening him. He is Adenoids the First; pedigree—well, more than uncertain!"

She removed the pup from the bed by the scruff of his neck and bore him kennelward, while he growled dreadfully to show what he would do to Bully Morton when he got older.

Another story about Dickie by Miss Cottrell will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Brimming with energy! Photo specially posed by Mr. Larry Regan

Once thin –easily tired

. . . now runs upstairs *two at a time!*

Read how he gained new flesh, new pep—*quick!*

HE KNOWS what it is to lose weight, to lose strength—to be threatened with a lifetime of ill health. His days and his nights were one long nightmare of fatigue. He couldn't even climb the stairs without resting halfway—yet today he *runs* up them—*two at a time!*

Ask this lucky fellow where he got all his pep. Ask him how he filled out his thin figure—put color in his pale cheeks. And here's what he'll say:

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"For years, I felt as if I were dragging a ton of bricks around with me. I couldn't walk upstairs without resting. I was always tired and discouraged and had lost a good deal of weight.

"Then one day I noticed an ad on Ironized Yeast. I decided to give it a trial. After taking the pleasant little tablets for several weeks, I am like a new person. I have gained 11 pounds and have fresh, healthy color in my cheeks. I never had so much pep before. Climbing stairs is a cinch now. I gallop up them in great style—two steps at a time." Mr. Leroy Leimbach, Chief Engineer, School No. 213, Baltimore, Md. This is only one of hundreds of equally fine reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

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In times like these, it means dollars and cents to you to keep on the job. You can't afford to be thin and weak—to have your nerves "shot", your stomach often upset and your complexion pimply. Be smart! Let Ironized Yeast help you back to winning health and energy!

It takes seven pounds of specially cultured "*beer yeast*"—specially imported from foreign breweries—to make one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. Concentrated seven times—is it any wonder Ironized Yeast brings such quick, sure and lasting results! This concentration process is so important that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Ironizing is the second great process in making Ironized Yeast. The dried yeast concentrate is treated with three distinct kinds of iron. This strengthening tonic element helps make weak, watery blood rich and red—enabling it to better carry strength and nourishment *to* the tissues and poisons and wastes *from* the tissues!

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Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is *triple-tested* for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous medical college.

GUARANTEED: If you want to put on firm, healthy flesh, to clear your complexion—to gain steady nerves, good digestion and regular elimination—try Ironized Yeast. If your very first package does not help you as it has helped *thousands*—its cost will be promptly refunded. AVOID IMITATIONS. Insist on *genuine* Ironized Yeast. Look for the "I. Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form

International photos

A Wilson campaign van in 1916. Notice the slogans: "Who Keeps Us Out of War?" and "Peace with Honor."

Secretary of War Newton D. Baker. Col. House says he chose Pershing.

When
Was Ready

A Revelation of Events Tha Been Elected in 1916, with Glimpse When America Went to War, Base Facts Obtained from His Associate

COLONEL E

By GEORGE SY

(Reading time: 25 minutes 55 seconds.)

DISCLOSURES concerning critical junctures—far more critical than the American people dreamed at the time—in our relations with England before we entered the war on the side of the Allies were made in last week's installment of this series. Previous installments had been devoted to Colonel House's fateful interview with the Kaiser in 1914; the making of the gentleman's agreement of 1916 between Wilson and the Allies; the break between President Wilson and Colonel House; and the period "when a woman was President."

PART EIGHT—CAMPAIGN SECRETS OF 1916

"I SHALL resign if Hughes is elected!" Fearing war with either England or Germany, uncertain if the people would abide by his decision, Woodrow Wilson determined to give up the Presidency some four months before his term expired if the election of 1916 should go against him. It was House who inspired his bold decision. Wilson never acknowledged that he owed the Presidency to House. But he was ready to relinquish it at his bidding.

No one knew better than House how resolutely the face of the President was set against entangling the United States in Europe's quarrel. The war sentiment, in the East at least, was so noisy that it seemed possible that he would court defeat on this issue. House, very ingenious, saw the possibility of snatching victory from defeat. Even beaten, Wilson could seize the spotlight from Hughes. His resignation would make constitutional history. No President of the United States had ever resigned. If reëlected, Wilson's position would be impregnable.

Wilson delighted in creating new precedents. Neither of the duumvirs acknowledged the vassalage of tradition. It was Wilson's dramatic instinct that impelled him to revive the ancient custom of addressing Congress in person. And what could have been more dramatic than his resignation if the verdict of the people had been thumbs down against him?

The theory of government in the minds of the duumvirs was English rather than American. Wilson never concealed his preference for the British theory. Both duumvirs labored to make the Presidency a more positive force in government. Wilson considered himself a premier rather than a President. Presidents, barring impeachment or demise, hold their office until their term expires. A British premier, if defeated, returns to the people that which is the people's.

The New York Times recently scoffed at the story of Wilson's proposed resignation. Skeptics to the contrary notwithstanding, Wilson's mind was made up. He had committed himself to the plan in writing. The first reference to the amazing action contemplated by the duumvirs appears in the diary of Colonel House, October 19, 1916: "It occurred to me yesterday to suggest to the President, in the event of his defeat, to ask both Marshall and Lansing to resign, and then appoint Hughes Secretary of State. He should then himself resign, making Hughes President of the United States. Times are too critical to have an interim of four months between the election and inauguration of the next President. . . . The defect in our government shows itself here."

The next day Colonel House unfolds his idea to the President:

> DEAR GOVERNOR:
>
> . . . If Hughes is elected—which God forbid—what do you think of asking both Lansing and Marshall to resign, appoint Hughes Secretary of State, and then resign yourself? This would be a patriotic thing to do. . . .
>
> Such a procedure would save the situation from danger and embarrassment. . . . Affectionately yours,
>
> E. M. HOUSE.

Attorney-General Gregory, with whom House discussed his suggestion, was startled into silence, but, after consideration, gave his unqualified approval. Polk, who heard of it a week later, was deeply impressed. "Lansing," House reports, "was somewhat staggered at first, but recovered himself and finally expressed approval."

Two weeks after the election:

HOUSE: Had you made up your mind before election to follow my suggestion about resigning?

Vance McCormick, who was the Democratic national chairman of 1916.

International photos

Justice Charles Evans Hughes, the Republican Presidential candidate of 1916, on the stump.

Wilson To Resign

ould Have Followed if Hughes Had ehind the Scenes in the White House pon the Correspondence of the President, nd Talks with His Confidential Adviser,

M. HOUSE

VESTER VIERECK

WILSON: Absolutely. Your suggestion was in line with my lifetime views upon the subject.
HOUSE: How soon would you have resigned?
WILSON: Immediately.

"By immediately," House explains, "was meant just as soon as the result of the election was definitely known. It seems," the Colonel goes on to say, "that during the uncertain hours of Tuesday night, November 7, both the President and Mrs. Wilson were cheered, as I was, by the thought of the dramatic dénouement we had in mind in the event of defeat."

Would Charles Evans Hughes have accepted the Presidency in such a fashion? I ventured to bring the matter to the attention of Mr. Hughes. He considered it "most unlikely that the President, on reflection, would have taken any such action." The Chief Justice did not wish to comment upon the hypothetical suggestion or attempt to say what he would have done had the offer been made.

"Do you think Hughes would have had sufficient time to organize a government for the balance of Wilson's term?" I asked House.

"Why not? The Prime Ministers of England, Germany, France, and other countries form governments immediately after an election. Mr. Hughes would have considered himself as competent to do this as any foreign Prime Minister. He could have reappointed Lansing, and made every other change at his leisure.

"Frank Polk, Gregory, and Lansing all knew of Wilson's intention. Wilson also told me that he put himself on record in a letter to Lansing."

Unfortunately, the recollections of Mr. Lansing, published since his death, showed no reference to such a letter, and Colonel House looked in vain in his own papers for some statement from Wilson in reply to his suggestion. Luckily, Frank L. Polk, then counselor in the State Department, remembers.

"I do know," he writes to me, "that Mr. Wilson was planning to resign in 1916 in the event of Mr. Hughes winning the election. The person, I imagine, who knows most about this incident—except, of course, Colonel House—is the Hon. Thomas Gregory, who was Attorney-General at the time and who had looked into the constitutional questions involved."

Mr. Gregory fully confirms the recollections of Polk and House.

Human memory, unfortunately, is fallible and may betray us. Neither Polk nor Gregory had discussed the matter with Wilson himself. The President was in the habit of considering affairs of this kind only with his *alter ego*.

But where was that letter to Lansing?

Further investigation developed the fact that this letter had been written. The original of it is now in the possession of Mrs. Lansing. The metropolitan newspaper which had printed the editorial denying the authenticity of the story obtained a photostat of the document from Mrs. Lansing's attorney. But neither Mrs. Lansing nor the newspaper in question was able to secure from Mrs. Wilson permission to print the letter.

II

HOUSE had planned the campaign of 1916 too well to make it necessary for Wilson to resort to a melodramatic exit.

Being an amateur in politics himself, Wilson at times overestimated the professional politician. In the beginning of the campaign the President wanted as chairman of the National Committee an old-timer, not a highbrow. House, with uncanny political foresight, preferred a newcomer and an amateur. His choice was Vance McCormick.

At the last minute, before the meeting of the Democratic Convention, Wilson implored House to take the job himself. House refused. Wilson admitted that House was right. "I was," he explained, "so desperate to get a man I can absolutely trust to judge and act rightly that I for the moment yielded to temptation and asked you."

Once more the duumvir scored. McCormick was made chairman, to the surprise of the politicians. He was admirably fitted to carry out the plan of campaign designed to catch the Progressive vote and to concentrate the main Democratic effort in a few doubtful states.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHEN WILSON WAS READY TO RESIGN
Continued from page forty-nine

Colonel House divided the country into the smallest possible units. In each unit local workers were to segregate certain Republican and certain Democratic voters. “Roughly speaking,” House said, “we must assume that in a unit of 100,000 voters 80 per cent of them will be unchangeable voters, which would leave 20 per cent that can be influenced by argument.” It was the suggestion of House to confine the campaign largely to the 20 per cent in question. He prepared a list of states which Wilson was certain to carry. Events proved that he made no mistake in his calculation. He also made a list of states which the President must carry to be elected. This list included California.

House mapped out the general strategy; the detailed organization was in the hands of Daniel C. Roper of Washington, whom House considered one of the finest political minds in the United States. House himself remained in the background. His plans included a great campaign rally for Wilson at Madison Square Garden. He walked up to the Garden on the night of the meeting and took a look inside. He was gratified to find that everything had been arranged according to schedule. The newspapers reported that it was the biggest demonstration ever given to a President or a candidate for the Presidency in the history of New York.

Wilson never knew what hand manipulated the spontaneous enthusiasm that greeted him.

The betting odds throughout the campaign favored Hughes. Gregory has told how on Election Day Democratic hopes crumbled. The pivotal states, one by one, went against Wilson. Colonel House, knowing that only morning could bring a final decision, went to bed calmly.

Hughes went to bed that night as President-elect. Wilson went to bed believing that he was defeated and wondering how the country would take his determination to resign in favor of Hughes.

The next morning showed that the West was the pivot of this election.

“Did you,” I have since asked Colonel House, “think that Hughes would be elected?”

“There was,” the Colonel replied, “every chance that he would be. The election hinged on 3,777 votes in California. Normally this country is Republican. Hughes would have been elected if he had stayed in Washington. But his failure to propitiate Hiram Johnson insured the election of Wilson. I later told his campaign leaders that it would be only fair if we paid for his California trip.”

“Do you think,” I asked, “that Hughes, unlike Wilson, would have kept us out of war if he had been elected?”

“I don't think so. Germany's actions made war almost inevitable. Hughes would have been compelled to draw the sword. It would have been easier for him than for Wilson, temperamentally and politically. He would have had a stronger war party behind him than Wilson. In spite of Germany's invasions of our rights, the American people did not want war. Woodrow Wilson went to war against their will—and against his own.”

III

THE good faith of the duumvirs in their relations with Germany has often been challenged. The story of the negotiations between the American government and the Germans is curiously checkered, crisscrossed with hesitation, vacillation, and distrust.

The correspondence between House and Wilson reveals the sincerity of both men.

Underwood & Underwood photo

Colonel Roosevelt freeing his mind on preparedness—and on Wilson!

If Germany really wanted peace she could get it, and get it soon, if she would but “*confide in me and let me have a chance.*” Addressed by the President to Colonel House two weeks before Bernstorff received his passports, this statement exonerates the President of hypocrisy. He does not speak to be overheard. He is not engaged in framing an alibi for himself before the tribunal of history. When Wilson talks to House he talks to himself!

Long before January 31, 1917, when Germany officially announced the resumption of unrestricted submarine warfare, the shadow of the periscope, reëmerging from the depths, had fallen over the negotiations between Washington and Berlin. Wilson, still hoping against hope, strained every sinew to avert war.

“Never,” says Colonel House, “was Wilson more friendly to Germany and more wroth with the Allies than in the days immediately preceding the rupture of diplomatic relations with the imperial German government. ‘Find out,’ he asked me, ‘what Germany is thinking, or rather what her rulers think in their hearts.’”

VACILLATING between faith and distrust, between high hopes and gloomy forebodings, Wilson felt “very lonely” sometimes and sometimes “very low in his mind.” He was puzzled by the suave and smiling Bernstorff. He trusted neither Bernstorff's accuracy nor his sincerity. When he requested the Austrian government to recall Dr. Dumba, he asked House: “If Dumba, why not Bernstorff also? Is there any essential difference?”

The American Secret Service, taking its cue from the duumvir, glued its ears exclusively to German keyholes. There was a time when both House and Wilson, convinced that the country was “honeycombed with German intrigue and infested with German spies,” prepared for a possible outbreak in the United States!

There is no reference in the House-Wilson correspondence to Allied intrigue and Allied spies in the United States. House was exceedingly fond of that irrepressible Australian, Captain Guy Gaunt, naval attaché of the British Embassy. Polk, in the State Department, was on intimate terms of personal friendship with Sir William Wiseman; but he did not know that the soft-spoken, bland young Englishman was the head of the British Secret Service and the propagandist in chief of Great Britain. House and Wilson knew, but they received him into their confidence. After America entered the war, Wiseman, according to Northcliffe, was the only man who had access at all times to the Colonel and to the White House.

Notwithstanding their pro-British bias, the correspondence of the duumvirs is singularly free from intemperate references to the Germans. Even in the hectic days that followed the sinking of the Lusitania and the Arabic, Wilson wrote without the vehemence which sometimes characterized his utterances about the English. He was highly pleased with Bernstorff when the ambassador, exceeding his authority, saved him from drastic action by yielding to the American contention in the Arabic dispute.

But, unlike House, Wilson never completely trusted Ambassador Bernstorff. Tapping the telephone of the German Embassy, the Secret Service had caught, spicing the conversations between young attachés and their lady friends in New York, now and then indiscreet references to the President and to Mrs. Wilson. A transcript of these confidences was served the President with his breakfast. Subconsciously at least, Wilson's attitude must have been affected by such reports.

House deprecates this suggestion. “I doubt,” he says, "that Wilson read the reports unless they were specifically called to his attention. I grant you that tittle-tattle of this sort may leave in the mind a focus of disaffection. I too received such reports. Bernstorff's ciphers were no secret to us. His cryptic allusions were not, as a rule, hard to grasp. I knew that whenever he referred to a 'beam' or a 'window' or anything connected with a 'house' he was referring to me!

"Talebearers told me that Bernstorff was bragging among his cronies that he was fooling me. I paid no attention to such gossip. I believed that Bernstorff was sincere, even if his tongue ran away with him once in a while. You cannot meet a man day after day without forming a clear estimate of his real self. Bernstorff was fundamentally honest. Political exigencies compelled him at times to play two parts.

"I never," the Colonel continued, "lost faith in Bernstorff. If Bernstorff had been Chancellor the war might have ended without world-wide disaster."

Wilson's smoldering distrust of Germany was fanned once more into flames by James Gerard. "Germany," wrote that ambassador in January, 1917, "wants a peace conference in order to make a separate peace on good terms to them with France and Russia. Then she hopes to finish England by submarines. Then later take the scalps of Japan, Russia, and France separately. . . . I got the above scheme from very good authority."

House, never confident of peace with Germany nor convinced of its advisability, attempted to persuade the President to work out a program of military preparedness.

Wilson, undeterred by advices from Page and from Lansing, unmoved even by House, continued to work on his "peace without victory" speech. He did not read it to Lansing before, on January 22, he delivered it in the Senate.

THEN followed blow after blow. The only answer from the Allies was an angry growl; and Germany announced her peace terms and the resumption of submarine warfare. Her terms in themselves were not unreasonable. They were certainly more reasonable, in the light of the situation, than the terms discussed in 1916 between Colonel House and Sir Edward Grey.

But the periscope loomed over all. "My government," Bernstorff wrote, "would have been glad to postpone the submarine blockade if they had been able to do so. This, however, was quite impossible on account of the preparations, which could not be canceled. . . ."

Once more both House and Lansing could see no solution save war. Wilson still resisted. He still held on to his determination not to become involved if it was humanly possible to do otherwise. But he consented to recall Senator Stone from St. Louis. This was to redeem his promise not to give Bernstorff his passports without first notifying the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, one of the thirteen irreconcilables who voted against war.

The President nervously arranged his books and walked up and down the floor. Mrs. Wilson spoke of golf and asked: "Would it look badly if the President went on the links?"

"The American people," House replied, "would feel that he should not do anything so trivial at such a time."

While the duumvirs played pool to kill time, Johann von Bernstorff paced restlessly up and down the German Embassy. Already word had gone out to German consuls everywhere to destroy every document that could be of value to Germany's enemies. The captains of German ships marooned in American harbors were instructed to cripple their engines. Whatever hopes might nestle in Wilson's breast, Bernstorff harbored no illusion. Hiding his despair behind a smiling mask, he saw the fingers spelling Germany's doom.

WHEN Bernstorff made his farewell call at the State Department, every man, woman, and child in the United States except Wilson knew that the die was cast. Wilson's pacifist heart still wrestled with the inevitable. The period between Bernstorff's departure and America's declaration of war on April 6, 1917, was Wilson's Gethsemane. "Thou shalt not kill"—"He kept us out of war," reëchoed through his brain. House, having gained his point, retained his composure. He did not share Wilson's horror of staining his Messianic mantle with blood.

The President was not partial to Germany. His objection was to shedding blood, not specifically German blood. Lodge taunted Wilson with being "womanish" because he grew white and almost collapsed when American marines lost their lives at Vera Cruz while he was urging peace with Mexico in his peculiar fashion.

Every message to Congress, every private communication to House, corroborates Wilson's aversion to bloodshed. It seems curious that Wilson did not resent the impudence of the French ambassador, who branded Wilson's efforts to bring about peace as an unfriendly act.

"Wilson," House replied, "did not resent the Frenchman's statement because he did not consider it important. To him the war seemed a struggle between two principals, England and Germany. He underestimated the rôle of France."

"Is it not a fact that Wilson, while trying to be entirely impartial, was by tradition and inheritance more in sympathy with England than with the Central Powers?"

"Wilson," said House, shaking his head, "strove hard to be neutral and he was often impatient with the English. President Wilson was more critical of the English in the begin-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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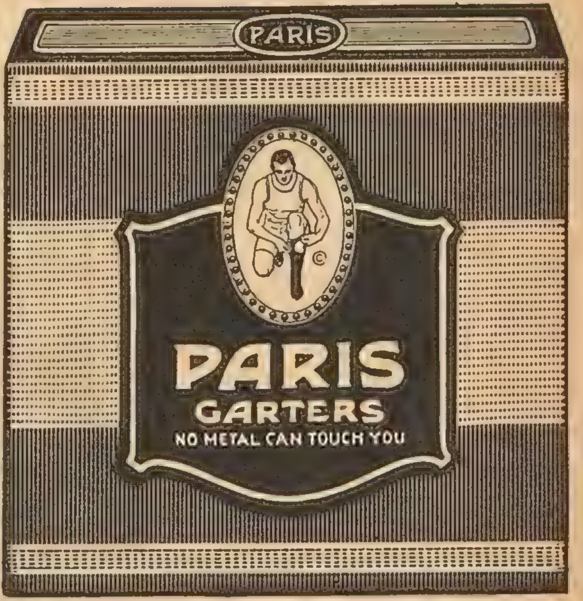

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WHEN WILSON WAS READY TO RESIGN
Continued from page fifty-one

ning than I. In the end he was more critical than I of the Germans. He lost patience with them completely when they thwarted his hope to keep America out of the conflict. If the Germans had played their game with more political wisdom, if they had known enough to trust Woodrow Wilson, they would have avoided Versailles.

"We may not have gained much by going in with the Allies, but at least we safeguarded the victory of democracy over imperialism in 1918. A German victory would have given a new lease of life to autocracy. The victory of the Allies confirmed democracy everywhere, even in Germany. The German Republic is its progeny."

Wilson struggled until the last moment. Robert Lansing has told of his own repeated efforts to batter down the President's resistance. On Saturday morning, February 3, Wilson, worn out, decided to hand Bernstorff his passports and recall Gerard. He promised to ask Congress for powers of retaliation in case Germany should carry out her threats. He still refused to unsheath the sword.

International photo

President Wilson arriving at the polls to cast his vote in 1916. If defeated, he intended to resign.

ON February 26 Wilson sent House the notorious Zimmermann note. To assure safe delivery, Zimmermann transmitted his dispatch to Eckhard, the German minister in Mexico, through four different channels. Every one of these channels was blocked by the English. Every one of his messages was caught and deciphered in London! The alliance, involving both Mexico and Japan, which Zimmermann proposed in the note, and the return of the Mexican "lost provinces," were contingent upon America's joining the ranks of belligerents against Germany. It was legitimate enough in itself, though it betrayed that the German Foreign Office had lost its grasp of realities. There was no doubt that Zimmermann's note would arouse the fury of America. No American could remain Germany's friend if Germany desired to destroy our integrity as a nation. Its publication meant that the country would inevitably be swept into active hostilities.

England knew when she presented that note to Wilson that she would force his hand. Wilson, House reports, was disturbed and in doubt as to whether the publication of the telegram would bring on a crisis he could not control. House, desiring a positive decision, advised immediate publication. His advice was accepted. The Zimmermann bomb exploded. Pandemonium broke loose.

Dr. William Bayard Hale, at this time correspondent of the Hearst papers in Berlin, marched straightforth to the Foreign Office. He did not ask Dr. Zimmermann whether the dispatch was authentic. With characteristic subtlety he asked, lifting his eyebrows: "Of course your Excellency will deny this story?"

"I cannot deny it," Zimmermann replied. "It is true."

Zimmermann's admission ended pro-Germanism in the United States. I declared in The Fatherland that I could no longer support a nation which attempted to parcel out American territory. But, in spite of Zimmermann, Wilson was not yet ready for war. He resented the efforts of the Roosevelt faction to force his hand and the attempt to impose a coalition Cabinet upon him.

While the country was girding itself for war, Wilson worked on his address to Congress. But he delayed and delayed. Lansing ran despairing to Colonel House. Wilson was determined that our entrance into the war should be based upon reasoned judgment, not hasty emotion. "We must put excited feeling away"—this was the mood in which he composed his message.

Dissatisfaction in Washington mounted. Officials grew restless. There was talk of a "strike" in the Cabinet. And still Wilson held off. The idea of resigning the Presidency again flitted through his mind.

At last the President yielded. On April 2 he addressed Congress. He did not ask for a declaration of war. He merely asked Congress to recognize that a state of war already existed. That salved his conscience. In his heart of hearts he still hoped to wage a war of ideas rather than a war of arms.

In spite of angry protests from the Entente, Wilson did not declare war against Austria-Hungary until December. Peace might still come by way of Vienna. He never did declare war against Bulgaria or Turkey. War in general he could not tolerate. But this was a war to end war! This ideal sustained him. It raised his stature. Looming over the world, he incarnated for the time being the hopes of mankind.

Slowly, after April 2, Wilson's personality split. From Wilson the pacifist emerged Wilson the warrior. The pacifist did not permit himself to be subjugated without a struggle. "My message was a message of death to our young men. How strange it seems to applaud that!" Woodrow Wilson said plaintively to Tumulty on his return to the White House after delivering his war message.

The pacifist Wilson never forgave himself the surrender of his dearest convictions. Unwilling to censure either himself or his *alter ego* House, Wilson unconsciously transferred the fury of his resentment at himself to "the military masters of Germany." The mind is a magnificent juggler. There is in such transferences no conscious hypocrisy. House, having steered Wilson's policy into active channels, had no emotional qualms. Calm, imperturbable, he devised ways of winning the war. A shrewd student of men, he sought out moral and psychological weapons to thwart the Big Berthas of Ludendorff. House impressed upon Wilson again and again the advisability of exploiting the cleavage between the German people and the German government. This thought appealed immensely to Wilson. Henceforth his speeches were emotional outbursts against the imperial German government, oblivious of the fact that he could not fight the government without fighting the people. With House the attack upon the German ruling class was largely a matter of strategy. To Wilson it was a crusade.

IV

WILSON was determined not to send Roosevelt to Europe. Maybe he was afraid that Roosevelt would steal the war from him. Maybe he resented Roosevelt's diatribes in the Outlook. But he undoubtedly summoned from the depths of his mind some satisfactory moral and intellectual reasons to justify his decision. Moreover, the General Staff upheld him.

The General Staff, Colonel House explained to me, decided against any volunteer army. "Many of my friends wanted to lead brigades and legions, including the late Mayor John Purroy Mitchel of New York City. I advised him to wait until Wilson had decided the Roosevelt problem. The General Staff thought it better to stick to the regulars and not to recreate the conditions brought about by political appointments in the Civil War. I was in favor of using Roosevelt, Hughes, and Taft on some special commission meeting once a month in Washington to discuss ways and means of winning the war."

Perhaps to propitiate those who looked upon Theodore Roosevelt as the embodiment of the nation embattled, the duumvirs planned to give Roosevelt's friend General Wood an important command. But Pershing protested.

"What," I asked the Colonel, "was Wilson's attitude toward Pershing?"

"Wilson," House replied, "realized that the World War had produced no military genius of the first order. There was no reason for believing that we would be more favored in that respect than the rest of the world. He was not especially favorable to Pershing. But he knew no one better. Secretary Baker chose him, and we confirmed his choice. It is not impossible that General Wood would have received the appointment if he had played his cards more skillfully, for he was an able man."

Shortly after we entered the war we sent twelve major generals to Europe to study conditions and to prepare the way for our troops. Wood was one of the twelve. Every one of the other eleven went silently. No one knew that they were in Europe. No one knew when they came back. But Wood was on the front pages of the newspapers all the time. After his return he was cited to appear before a committee of the Senate.

All this irritated General Pershing. Wilson did not care very much. His attention was concentrated on larger problems. Pershing probably felt that Wood's temperament would not permit him to play second fiddle. As a result, Wood was recalled abruptly on the point of departing for Europe, and was sent back to Kansas. Wood's biographer, Hermann Hagedorn, relates that Wood called on House in New York after he received the orders in question, and asked the Colonel's advice. House arranged an interview for him with Wilson and Baker. Neither gave Pershing away. They did not tell Wood that it was Pershing's message that had ended his hope of active participation at the front.

Wilson could have disarmed all criticism by publishing Pershing's unequivocal demand. But without wincing he took the blame upon himself. Although House admired Wood, he made no attempt to change Wilson's decision.

"Pershing," he said to me, with conscious or unconscious irony, "possessed what we most needed: the spirit of Prussian discipline. We Americans are a lawless people. Pershing was the one man who could teach us the lesson without which we could not win the war. He was a better drillmaster than Leonard Wood. His disciplinary qualities made him at times unpopular in the army. That was inevitable. It was to his credit rather than to his discredit. It was a part of the price we paid for victory."

How Wilson and Colonel House "remade the world" in two hours by drafting the Fourteen Points, a further revelation in this series of articles, will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

DETECTOGRAMS

By H. A. Ripley

PROFESSOR STIGGINS is head of the department of criminology at a famous university. As assistant to the police in particularly puzzling cases, he has earned a reputation as a master of deduction and "alibi buster." These little problems, taken from his case book, contain every clue necessary for solution, and there is only one possible answer to each.

No. 4—Too Clever

"RECEIVING no reply to my ring and finding the door unlocked, I went in," said Lynch. "Dawson was seated at his desk shot through the head. Seeing he was dead, I called the police and remained here."

"Touch anything, Lynch?" asked Professor Stiggins.

"No, sir, nothing."

"Positive of that, are you?"

"Absolutely, sir."

The professor made a careful examination of the desk and found Dawson had been writing a letter at the time of the tragedy. Presumably recognizing his slayer, he had managed to tear off a piece of paper and scrawl on it, "D. A. did thi—," and here it trailed off. Apparently the murderer had not seen this scrap of paper, which the professor found under the letter.

Further examination disclosed several kinds of writing paper, a pen tray holding the recently used pen, inkwell, eraser, stamps, letters, and bills. The gun from which the shot had been fired was on the floor by the side of the chair, and the bullet was found embedded in the divan.

"Well," mused the professor, "this D. A. didn't see that scrawled message and he overlooked something else in his desire to make it appear suicide. Although Dawson could have shot himself, I know it was murder, and I know the murderer or someone else was in this room after that message had been written. Lynch is beyond suspicion."

"It's murder right enough," said Inspector Kelley, "but I don't see how you know someone was in this room *after* the message had been scrawled."

How Did the Professor Know?

The solution will be found on page 62

MUSCULAR-RHEUMATIC PAINS

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The Shackled

A Girl Turns Her Back on Freedom—Lynch's

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by Robert A. Cameron

(Reading time: 41 minutes 15 seconds.)

Part Nine—Conclusion

THE newspapers that told of the "Christmas present" given by the courts to Leonie Bear, commented editorially on "the doom of Natalie Cahill."

"A poor girl is given another chance for her life," one writer said. "She will have a new trial. New trials usually end in acquittals. A nation rejoicing in the season of gifts, decorated firs, and good will to men, is pleased at this act of mercy—and equally pleased that there is no mercy for Mrs. Cahill.

"A poor girl sings with happiness. A rich girl weeps in despair. One who has nothing will be thrust back into life, to struggle and toil to keep from starving. One who has millions must die. We call this—Democracy."

But Leonie did not sing, nor did Natalie weep.

Leonie was frightened when the warden broke the news to her, believing it was a ghastly joke. Even when her door was opened and she was led out, to be transferred to the county jail, she could not credit her good fortune.

"Wait," she said. "I—I must say good-by."

She ran to Natalie's cell.

"You did this, Cahill," she said. "I know you did."

Her voice was accusing, aggrieved.

"It was Mr. Shannon," Natalie said. "Thank him. Don't thank me."

"If he did it," Leonie said, "he did it for you. You ain't kidding me. You can't get yourself out of here, but, but— Oh, damn it, Cahill, I can't say what I want. And I'm never going to see you again? Oh, my God, Cahill, I can't stand it."

Long after the matron led the girl away, Natalie sat on her bed, trying to rid herself of the feeling of envy. Leonie, who was guilty, was going away to freedom, happiness, life. She herself, though innocent, must be put to death.

Natalie tried to sleep, but could not. She kept remembering other Christmas days, days when she believed in Santa Claus, happy days when she came tiptoe down the stairs at dawn to see the tree with all its burning candles.

"But I still have Bob," she thought. "I shall see him this afternoon. We shall have our dinner together in the den. It will be the best Christmas of all."

Bob brought her presents—games to while away the hours she must spend alone, puzzles, books, everything the prison rules allowed. They were childishly happy, but sad thoughts would come, wetting their eyes. This was to be their last Christmas together. In April she must die.

Last night Natalie's mother and father had been given an audience with Governor Rollins. They had pleaded long for their daughter. And the governor, with lines of pain on his face, had refused to interfere with the due processes of the law.

II

IT was not until after the holidays that Bob Shannon decided Winnie Rollins' idea was the only way open to salvation.

It was a Sunday. He and Natalie were alone in the den. Outside a band of Salvation Army workers was playing, "There is a happy land, far, far away." Natalie was in Bob's arms. Her face was pale, weary. Her eyes were closed. A frenzy of passion shook him. He held her tightly. He rained frantic kisses on her brow, her eyelids, her mouth. Tears streamed down his face. His fingers pressed cruelly into her shoulders.

"You mustn't die!" he cried. "Listen to me, dear. This may seem awful. It may seem sacrilege. But—I love you, and you love me, and—and, Natalie—"

Her eyes opened quickly. Her little palms pressed against his breast.

"No, no, darling," she begged; "don't say it."

Long they looked into each other's eyes.

"You know—what I meant?"

"Yes. Leonie Bear put the same thought into my mind. At first—I love you so—I thought I could!"

"But now?"

She released herself from his arms and sat on the couch, staring at the floor, her fingers locked.

"It might save me—but it would kill our love."

"Nothing could kill our love."

He sat beside her and took one of her hands.

"Love is strong," she said. "But it is fragile too. Our love has been perfect. Too perfect for anything—like that. Because I love you I am not afraid to die.

Cinderella

esperate Plan—A Clue!—Life and Love for Natalie, or ——?

But—if I became your wife—or, or— Bob, don't you see that I couldn't bear the thought of death then? It would be horrible! I should be afraid. And don't you see, too, that it wouldn't be love at all, but something shameful? Wouldn't that kill our love?"

"Never!" he said. "Nothing could sully you. Nothing could make me love you less."

"You are wrong, dear. Quite wrong. Once I believed that love was its own justification, that nothing mattered so long as love were real."

"That is still true," said Bob. "Darling, don't sit there talking yourself into the chair. We have life before us, life together, a long, long life, if only—"

She made the shushing sound that mothers make to children to lull them back to sleep. "I have been caged up for months. I have had time to think things over. And I have read many things, enough to know I was wrong.

"Marriage seemed hateful to me once. All the married people I knew seemed to be unhappy. To me there was no

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HE held her tightly. He rained frantic kisses on her brow, her eyelids, her mouth. His fingers pressed cruelly into her shoulders.

THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page fifty-five

romance in marriage. I told myself that I would never marry. 'I will not bind my love with promises,' I said. 'And no minister of God, nor any judge of man, can sanctify love. Love needs no ritual.' I suppose I loved the sound of the words. I suppose I thought I was smarter than all the other women in the world. Yet when I knew I was to be a mother, I wanted to be married.

"I gave myself to Elmer Goss without shame, without any sense of guilt, with no feeling but that I had the right to do so, the right and the joy and the pride. And my baby was born without a father's name. And because I was undernourished, he lived but an hour or so. Had I been married, had Elmer worked for me and his child, the boy might be alive today. He might have become a great man. No girl should give herself except in marriage. Wise men knew that thousands and thousands of years ago. That's why they instituted marriage—for the sake of the children."

"But I want to marry you," Shannon said. "I would be so proud of you."

"And I of you. But you must live after me. You must take care of thousands of young girls. There must be no stain on you. Nobody must sneer at you. Nobody must ever say, 'He married a woman who died in the chair, and his son was born in the death house.' Marriage to me would ruin you, and ruin all prospects for the girls that you must help."

"But, darling—"

"Do you think it is easy for me to give you up?" she asked. "It is the hardest thing I ever did. Every fiber in me cries for you, every beat of my heart. I am a normal woman, a woman in love. But—oh, I am so weak, and you do not help me to be strong."

"Strong? We are strong, strong enough to live, strong enough to smash all laws of God and man, strong enough to break down the walls of this house of sorrow."

"No, no! Stronger than passion, stronger than life, stronger than death. That is how strong we are."

She stood up, looking down upon him, her eyes shining in an ecstasy of renunciation.

He rose and held her tightly to him.

"Kiss me now," she said—"the last kiss I shall remember without the feel of iron bars. We must not meet here any more."

"Not meet again—here?"

"I am afraid. And I need all my strength. I cannot fight you—always."

The turnkey rapped upon the door. The time was up. Shannon, as in a daze, released the girl he loved, and stepped apart from her.

Hours later he found himself walking in the rain and the sleet, along a road he did not know, remembering dimly that he had stood for a long time in the dark, looking at a yellow light that was cut into squares by cross and vertical bars—the window in the warden's den.

III

"MR. SHANNON!" Miss Prindiville looked shocked. "Why, you're soaking wet! And—you're ill."

Shannon threw himself into his chair.

"Get me Jim White," he said.

"Right here," said White, frowning. "Been waiting for you."

Shannon stared at him. "You're here? Any news?"

"My God, man, you ought to be home in bed."

Shannon shook his head. "Did you find out anything about—about Lynch?" he asked.

His teeth began to chatter. His hands shook.

White winked at Miss Prindiville and jerked his head in the direction of the phone.

"Lynch? Sure. But you'd better see a doctor right away."

"I have no time for doctors. Tell me—about Lynch."

"He's bought himself a gyroplane—an airplane that can go right up and come right down. One of them new-fangled babies you can bring down slow and straight."

"A plane," Shannon said. He stirred uneasily in his chair. Miss Prindiville, speaking softly into the telephone, saw moisture dripping from his clothes.

"A plane. What does he want a plane for?"

"We don't know yet. We've tapped his telephone wires. But he never uses the phone. We've got a man under the floor of his house, but he's learned nothing. We tunneled under last night when he went by-by. It was like digging through ice, tearing up that frozen ground. We dug a long ditch, and covered it over with sticks, timbers, branches of trees, and then piled snow and ice on top of it. It snowed last night. So today you can't notice the tunnel at all."

"A tunnel?" Shannon didn't comprehend.

"He's sick," Miss Prindiville said, "desperately sick. He's got pneumonia, and you stand there talking to him!"

"Yes, talk to me," Shannon said. "Where's Matt Whelan?"

"Here in town somewhere," White said. "He's a traitor, Mr. Shannon. We found the records. He married Mrs. Linklater, the wife of the dentist."

"Dentist? Poor Matt."

White grinned.

"Poor Matt. Toothache," Shannon murmured. "It's cold in here. I'm cold."

"I've phoned his parents," Miss Prindiville whispered, "and the doctor. He ought to go to a hospital."

"I knew he'd do something like this," White said. "Cripes, if I ever cared that much for any jane I'd ask some friend to stick a rod down my throat and pull the trigger."

They were still talking when the doctor arrived with Shannon's father.

For weeks Shannon lay in bed in his room in his father's house, fighting for life. Nurses watched him day

SHANNON grabbed the telephone. "Long distance," he said. "Give me long distance quick, please."

and night. His mother spent days and nights at his bedside, and frequently Winnie Rollins came to sit with her.

The elder Shannon went every week to the penitentiary to see Natalie and give her hopeful news of his son.

The old man had rebelled at first. But Mrs. Shannon had said simply, "Bob would want you to comfort her."

He had been brusque with Natalie on his first visit.

"So you are the woman that has ensnared my son," he greeted her.

"I am," Natalie had answered calmly.

"You know that he is ill?"

"Yes, the warden told me. But he will recover."

"Oh, he'll recover, will he? The doctors haven't told me that, young lady."

"He cannot die like that," Natalie said calmly. "God has work for him to do. I only hope that he does not recover until—until I am no more."

"God in heaven, you don't want him to know that you—that you have gone?"

"Do not let him know—until he is quite well. It might kill him. Keep the calendar from him. Lie to him. Tell him it is February and not April."

"And isn't there anything you want?" the old man had asked.

"Nothing but the news that he is getting well."

The old man hadn't been able to keep back a grunt of admiration. "Perhaps I have misjudged you. You love my boy?"

"Better than I love my own life."

"And," he said when he returned home and told of his interview, "her eyes shone like two bright stars. It's a saint she is. I'll have Wheatley broke for this. I'll raise heaven and earth for her. I'll—"

"You'll do no more than Bob has done," Mrs. Shannon said quietly.

IV

IT was an April morning when Shannon awoke to consciousness. "What day is this?" he asked.

The nurse smiled, glad that he was better, but she would not let him talk. "It is Saturday," she said.

"What month?" he demanded.

"February," she replied. "Just lie quietly and try to sleep. The doctor will be here presently. Everything's all right."

"Within a week," the doctor said, "he'll be able to sit up for a little while each day."

Within the week Shannon had had a telephone installed by his bedside, and was keeping in touch, as he thought, with all the latest developments shaping the fate of Natalie Cahill.

One night he awoke from sleep, perspiration on his brow. "Something has happened to Natalie!" he cried.

"It was only a dream, boy," his mother said.

"Perhaps. But I'm frightened. Mother, have you all been lying to me? You have! Of course you have. Birds don't sing in February. Trees don't bud. Look at that tree outside the window. It's green."

"It does look green in the dark," Mrs. Shannon said.

"But I noticed it this morning. And I thought only that spring had come out of season. Is—is Natalie dead?"

"No," Mrs. Shannon said. "She has a long time yet—two months."

SHANNON grabbed the telephone. "Long distance," he said. "Give me long distance quick, please."

After interminable minutes a calm voice said, "This is long distance."

"Get me the warden at the penitentiary," Shannon said. "I don't know the number. I haven't time to look it up. Please get him. It's a matter of life and death."

"You are exciting yourself without any reason," Bob's mother said, trying to appear calm.

"No, something terrible has happened," Bob insisted. "I feel it. Oh, hurry, operator, hurry."

"Bob," Mrs. Shannon said, "you are doing yourself a lot of harm. If Dr. Heyl knew what you were doing—"

Something was happening on the line. Bob and his mother could hear strange sounds, mysterious, worrisome noises, and then a man's voice saying, "Hello! Hello!"

"Gronblad!" Bob shouted.

"Yes, this is Warden Gronblad."

"Gronblad, this is Bob Shannon."

"Hello, Mr. Shannon. How are you?"

"I'm all right. I'm fine. Gronblad, how is—how is—"

"Mrs. Cahill?" the warden asked in a calm voice. "She's all right, Mr. Shannon. Heard you were sick."

"Is she—is she—still alive?"

"Why, of course."

"Oh, thank God!" Shannon said. He wept weakly.

"How long—have we got?" he asked then.

"Until Friday night, of course," Gronblad said.

"Friday night? You mean she's to be executed Friday night?"

"Unless she's reprieved."

"Warden, please answer this honestly. What day is this?"

The warden's laugh sounded plainly in the room.

"Why, don't you know that?" he cried. "It's Tuesday."

"Tuesday!" The word was an echo of despair.

"And it's next Friday night? Friday night of this week?"

"Friday night of this week, Mr. Shannon."

Mrs. Shannon screamed as the phone fell to the floor.

"Quick!" she called. "Quick, somebody, anybody! Bob's fainted!"

. . . . .

Dr. Heyl took the thermometer from Shannon's mouth and held it up to the light.

"Fever?" Mrs. Shannon asked.

"It is not so high as I feared," the physician answered. He seemed to be disappointed. "But the patient must have absolute quiet. No more telephone calls. It was

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very indiscreet of you to let him use that phone, Mrs. Shannon. No visitors whatsoever for a few days. No—"

He turned amazed and angry eyes on his patient—amazed because the young man who had been so pale and inert a moment ago was now sitting up straight, his eyes blazing, his face flushed; angry because the young man had once more taken the phone into his hands.

Bob called the number of his office, and glared at the medical man. " You made them lie to me," he said. " If that girl dies—I'll—I'll—"

The snarl left his face as he heard a voice on the phone. " Jim? Thank God you're there. Jim, round up Malachy McLaughlin and Biddy Murphy, and bring them here at once. What? Me? Hell, don't bother about me. I'm all right. Hurry, Jim. Hurry! "

He sprang out of bed.

" Mother, I must have my clothes," he said.

" Oh, Bob, please, please don't," Mrs. Shannon begged.

" You're taking your life in your hands, young man," the doctor said brusquely.

" So be it! " Bob cried.

The doctor put his thermometer in its case and thrust the case into his vest pocket. He winked at Mrs. Shannon and beckoned her out of the room.

" Perhaps this is the stimulus he needed," he observed when they were out of earshot. " I wouldn't be too worried about him. Two or three days of activity will not kill him. In fact, if he feels that in those few days he has done everything he could for her, it may help him to bear his loss. Go with him. But see that he is warmly wrapped. And report to me every evening—for a little while."

Shannon was dressed and in the living room when Jim White arrived with McLaughlin and Mrs. Murphy. He had come down the stairs by himself.

" Sure, it's wonderful to see ye alive, it is," Mrs. Murphy said, rushing forward with tears in her eyes.

" I'm all right," Shannon said. " What's new? "

" We've got a break at last," Jim said. " It's a pip. Lynch has planned a jail break. It may succeed. We've been tailing him. We got a little now, a little later. We put everything together and made it spell—"

" Please, Jim—what is it? "

" The guy's been making gas bombs. And he's got a plane. One of them windmill kind. You know, it goes straight up and it comes straight down and stops in its shadow. It goes fast. It goes slow. Well, here's the lay: Tonight, or tomorrow night—or maybe Thursday—he drops this windmill down in the prison yard."

" What good will that do? "

" Plenty. First he'll let loose of them gas bombs. They'll break like eggs. They'll put everybody to sleep."

" TO sleep? "

" Yeah. We had a guy named Michowski spying on Lynch a month ago. He got in the tunnel under the shack and bent the ear. One of them bombs must have dropped on the floor or something. Michowski went to sleep and damn' near froze. We thought he was stalling when he told us that, but his clothes stunk of gas."

" Go on, Jim."

" Well, if there's a wind—and it's damn' windy tonight—Lynch'll spatter the yard with them bombs. The gas will go through the whole pen. Boy, can't you see them sentries falling off the walls? "

" But won't the sentries fire at the plane? "

" Maybe. But what of it? He'll be up too high. Baby, when that maniac lands, everybody will be dreamy. He'll bring that windmill crate down squatto, and then he'll take the keys from the keepers, unlock himself some cells, and sneak his way up to the death house."

" The death house? "

" Sure. You see, he wants to get Mrs. Cahill out, and marry her, and make her sign over her rights. The least he can get is her dower rights, and maybe—if he takes care of Paddy Cahill first—he'll get the whole works."

" Paddy Cahill w'u'd not be in on this," Biddy Murphy said. " Ye can bank on that. 'Twill not be him that will part with anny of that money."

" I know he don't love Pat."

" Go on, Jim."

" Well, that's the lay. We're all set, waiting for him. We'll let him make his play. Then we'll double it. I've hired half a dozen planes to follow him wherever he goes with the girl. Once he lands, we got him—and Mrs. Cahill. Then—"

Shannon frowned. " No," he said.

" You could take her to Honduras—to some island. You could marry her, and live with her—anywhere."

" No! "

" At least, you could save her until we can prove her innocent. Then—"

" No! No! No! "

Shannon walked to the telephone. He called for long distance. " Get me Warden Gronblad," he said, " at the state penitentiary. It's urgent, operator. If the line is busy, please cut me in at once."

" What are you going to do? " White asked.

" What you should have done," Shannon said. " I'm going to warn the warden. I'm going to have that penitentiary protected. Machine guns. Gas masks. The state militia."

" If you do that, Natalie Cahill will die."

Shannon made no answer.

" That sound is the ringing signal," the operator said.

BOB SHANNON hung up the phone and staggered across the room.

Jim White caught him, helped him into a chair. " What time is it? " Bob asked.

" Midnight," McLaughlin said.

" Wednesday," said Bob. " Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. Only three days! Jim, your men are still watching Lynch's shack? "

" Every minute."

" Good. Who comes to see him? "

" Nobody."

" To whom does he phone? Who phones him? "

" Nobody."

" Does he get any telegrams? "

" He sure does. That's how we got a line on him. But he sends none. The wires come in code, but we made them mean stuff in English. He's waiting now for the word to go. You see, he's got to land somewhere in that windmill—some place not so far off. He's got to have a pal to do away with the plane. That'd be evidence agin him, of course. If we found the plane we could find him.

" He can't take a chance on burning it. It's got to be taken apart and buried—maybe sunk. My idea is that he'll land some place near the ocean. His pal will destroy the evidence. Then Lynch will put the girl in a speed boat, and put-put out to some rum ship or something of the sort. First he's got to know that the ship is ready. See? "

" Where do the telegrams come from? "

" All over. Never twice from the same place. The guy that sends them does a lot of traveling."

" Are these towns far apart? "

Jim thought for a while.

" No. Forty, fifty miles. But we can't hunt through twenty or more towns in three days, even with a hundred guys to do the dirty work."

" There's only one thing to do," said Shannon. " Take Lynch into custody and sweat him."

" And suppose he confesses that he did plan to kidnap Mrs. Cahill? What of it? You can't put him in jail for that. He hasn't done anything. You stopped him. How you going to hold him? "

" I didn't say anything about jail. Get him. Bring him to me. I'll sweat him. There's something mysterious about Lynch, something more than sinister. Why should he want to marry Natalie Cahill? His bet, as I see it, is to string along with Paddy Cahill and—"

" Oh, Misther Bob," Biddy Murphy said, " he swore the next time he saw Mr. Cahill he'd choke him to death with his own gold pieces. Didn't I hear him with me own ears? 'I'll cram gold and siller down yer greedy gullet,' he says, 'and stick wadded thousand-dollar bills up your snout of a pig until ye can't breathe,' he says, 'and may ye thry to buy yer way out of hell,' he says."

"When was that?"

"A week ago or more," McLaughlin answered. "I was there, too, at the time. It was I saved him from caning Mr. Cahill. He had one of Ebb-Tide Mike's blackthorn sticks in his hand, one of the lot Paddy took from the house after the funeral. And he brandished it like Ebb-Tide Mike himself."

Shannon half rose from his chair, staring at McLaughlin in such peculiar fashion that the latter made little crosses on the seat of his chair.

"By God!" Shannon said. He sat back in his chair.

"You've thought of something?" White asked, hope in his voice.

Shannon shook his head impatiently.

"I'm not sure," he said. "Either I've been dumb or else I'm going crazy. If I could only talk to Whelan! No disparagement, Jim—but Whelan—"

"The dirty traitor," White said.

"Traitor? Matt Whelan? Whelan is my friend. No man will talk of him in my presence except—"

"But he got married on you—left you when you needed him most. If that ain't a traitor—"

"Married? Whelan married? When? Where?"

"I told you the day you got sick. Don't you remember?"

"Tell me again."

"Well, he married Mrs. Linklater, the wife of the dentist, and—"

SHANNON sprang to his feet.

"Who married him? What's the address?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? You don't know? Good God, Jim, don't you see that was his way of giving us a clue? He wouldn't desert me. He'd give me his life. He married Mrs. Linklater only to leave us a record that he was alive—that he was being held—that something had happened to him and he couldn't get away.

"Mrs. Linklater—the widow of the man who swore the body was young Mike's—the friend of Paddy Cahill. Oh, God—there's hope for us yet. Go find Matt Whelan, Jim. Go to the marriage-license office. Break in if you have to. Bribe the watchman. Do anything. But get in there tonight. Get the address. It may be phony. Get the address of the minister or the judge or whoever married the two. That won't be phony. Make him tell you where he married Matt and Tillie What's-her-name—Hopscotch?—Linklater. Go there. Call me as soon as you get something. Malachy will drive you. Drive like hell, Malachy. Wait, Biddy. Don't go. I've got an errand for you."

"MR. SHANNON!" Miss Prindiville looked shocked. "Why, you're soaking wet! And you're ill."

Shannon lay back in the chair, his eyes closed. "Call a taxi," he said.

"A taxi? At this hour? And ye so sick—"

"Please," his voice cut her short. "It's for you. I want you to call at the governor's mansion. The driver will know where it is. Get Miss Rollins. Don't leave until she agrees to come with you. Tell her that I—that I need her badly. Don't come back without her. I've got to get to her father through her. But don't tell her that."

"Yes, Misther Bob," she said. "And I'll not come back without Miss Winnie, aven if she is the governor's daughter. Sure, it's dying I'll tell her ye are. That'll fetch her aflyin'."

V

"I FEEL myself getting stronger all the time, mother," Shannon said, "and more and more confident."

Mrs. Shannon spread butter on a piece of toast, and smiled. The two were in the kitchen. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning, and Mrs. Shannon had had little sleep. She had become used to snatching an hour's nap now and then, and staying awake the rest of the time during her son's illness.

The doorbell rang. Slippered feet ran down the front stairs. Before Bob or his mother could reach the door, the elder Shannon had opened it.

Jim White stood there with a stranger.

"Oh, thank heaven," said the stranger. "These are Christian people. Oh, I'm so glad to see you. Do make this ruffian put away his gun."

"Get in," said White, prodding the stranger from the rear, "and don't talk so much. Mr. Shannon, this is Dr. Ford. He married Matt."

"I must say," Dr. Ford said. "I must say."

"It's all right," Shannon assured him. "Please forgive Mr. White, doctor; this is a matter of life or death. The fate of a girl rests in your hands. I am Robert Shannon, the attorney for Mrs. Natalie Cahill.

"Doctor, you officiated recently—within some few months, that is—at the marriage of Matthew Cummings Whelan and a Mrs. Minnie Linklater."

"Yes, yes, I remember perfectly."

"In your study, doctor, I believe."

"Yes. In my study."

"And who was with them, doctor?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure. There was somebody with them. I—it seems the bride called him— What did she call him? I—I made a point of remembering that name. Phil! She called him Phil."

"Did he keep one hand in his pocket all the time?"

"God bless my soul! So he did. You don't mean, Mr. Shannon, it was a—a—a shotgun wedding?"

"More or less," Shannon said, no trace of a smile on his face. "But not the way you mean. Knowing

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Matt as I do, I'd say it was heroic, sublime. Now, this is what I want to know, doctor: Did Matt, the bridegroom, give you any clue—anything odd—anything in writing? Did he say anything to you that sounded queer—maybe outlandish?"

"Dear me. I remember nothing of the sort."

"Doctor, Matt Whelan married that girl to show me that he was alive, held against his will somewhere by that man called Phil. He would have given you some clue if it were humanly possible—something you would show to me, or to the police."

"All he gave me was a counterfeit ten-dollar bill."

"Thank God," said Shannon.

"Gees, that's swell!" White cried.

The minister looked from one to the other.

"Are you rejoicing that a—a confidence man perhaps—gave a minister of God a counterfeit bill?" he asked.

"Exactly," Shannon said. "It was a clue, a great clue. He thought you'd go directly to the police. He hoped you would. He wanted the police to overtake and arrest him, and his wife, and the man who holds him captive. Doctor, Matt has evidence we need to free my client. That bill may save her."

"He probably wrote something on it," said White; "maybe the address of where they keep him."

"Doctor, I'll pay one thousand dollars for that counterfeit bill," Shannon said, his face beaming.

Dr. Ford hung his head.

"God bless my soul," he said. "I destroyed it. I prayed for that poor man, and burned the bill."

Jim White leaped across the room, shook the minister's shoulder. "Did it have any writing on it?" he asked.

"Let me think. Do, please, let me think."

The two men waited, frozen in their attitudes. Dr. Ford rubbed his hand across his gleaming forehead.

"It may come to me later," he said. "Now I cannot concentrate. May I have a spot of tea?"

Shannon arose and went to the kitchen. He found his mother there, left her busying herself with the making of fresh tea and toast, and went back to the minister. Dr. Ford was wiping his forehead with the handkerchief.

"I remember now," he said. "He did write something—wrote it on the bill. He had only the one hand, of course—the left hand. I believe that's why it was so—so scrawly."

"Matt hurt? One hand?"

"Didn't I tell you? Dear me, dear me! His right arm was in a sling, and his right leg bandaged. He had a crutch under his right armpit. I did mean to tell you that."

"He wasn't blind, was he?" White asked.

"About the writing, doctor?" Shannon said, waving White to silence. "What was it? What did he write?"

"As I say, it was terribly scrawled. But I made it out. It said, 'Go to hell in a basket.' At least, I think it was a basket. But I'm not sure."

"'Go to hell in a basket,'" Shannon repeated. "But it might not be a basket. Could it have been Absecon?"

"Go to a hill in Absecon!" White shouted. "I know that's it. I know the hill. Right on the shore."

"Mother," Bob called, "make that tea champagne!"

VI

MATT WHELAN fixed the pillows behind him with his left hand and looked out of the window.

He sat up a little straighter and placed his right forearm on the table near the bed. It was boxed, and bandaged with gauze.

The man playing solitaire on a folding table near the foot of the bed placed a red jack on a black queen.

"Careful of that arm," he said. "Anything in sight?"

"Nothing. Only the pier lights, and the one light on the freighter. We'll hear him. We won't see him until he comes in."

"I know," said the other.

He slyly drew a black ten from the middle of the pack, and placed it on the red jack.

"You're a cool devil," Whelan observed. "Here's the pay-off coming, and you cheat yourself at cards just as though nothing at all was happening."

"Huh! I got a right to cheat myself. As the fellow says, they can't put you in jail for that."

He studied the cards on the table.

"Ever stay put in one place for three days and three nights and part of the fourth day, waiting for a chance to make a beat?" he asked.

"Not me. I've never been in stir, except on a visit."

"Huh! We hid under the bleacher seats in the baseball field. We lay there all day and all night, waiting for a chance to duck, waiting for the right time—and the whole state looking for us.

"When we finally did make our break we did it because we couldn't do anything else. We were desperate. We sneaked out as soon as it was dark enough. We were on the wall before anybody noticed us. Of course they weren't looking for us on the wall. We both fired at the guard. I don't know which of us got him."

He gathered the cards together, reshuffled them.

"What time is it?" Whelan asked.

"What do you care? He'll come when he gets here."

He placed the cards in seven piles in front of him.

A WOMAN came into the room, carrying a tray on which was a cup of black coffee.

"Thanks, Minnie," said Whelan.

He lifted the cup, but held it poised in midair.

"Listen!" he said.

The card player threw down his cards and stood up. He looked out the window. The drone of an airplane came clearly into the room.

"It's him," the card player said.

The man walked out of the room, out of the shack. He stared for a moment at the sky. He listened. He looked down the hill, to the lights on the pier, to the light on the mast of a ship. Then he walked to his little car and turned on the bright lights, illuminating an acre or more of level cleared ground.

"All set," he said, returning to the shack.

The woman whimpered. "Oh, Phil," she said. She reached for him. He stepped back.

"Keep up your nerve," he said. "If you gum up the works—" He bared his teeth.

"I won't," she promised. "But—"

"Or him either. If anything goes wrong—I'll kill you both."

The woman whimpered and went into the other room.

"Afraid?" Matt asked.

"Of course I am," she said.

"You're a fool," Matt said. "I told you what would happen. But you'd rather stick with him than with your husband. There's time yet. Have you a gun?"

"No."

"You lie. You don't love me. You never did. You married me just to have an in if anything went wrong—didn't you?"

"No."

"You did. And me—poor fool—loving you at first sight."

"That's a lie. You don't love me. You never did. You married me so I'd go on protecting you—so my brother wouldn't kill you." She wept noisily, unprettily, her bony shoulders heaving.

"Now, Minnie, don't do that," Matt said. "You know better. I really did fall for you—hard. Oh, I don't mean that tumble down the stairs and breaking an arm and a leg. I mean I really did fall for you."

"You would have gone off and maybe had me arrested if Phil—if Phil—"

"Always the same old Minnie," Matt said resignedly. "You know I wouldn't have pinched you. Your brother—of course, that's different. And that girl in jail—if anything goes wrong tonight she's going to die. How will you feel then?"

"What do you want me to do?" the woman asked sulkily, obviously weakening.

"IT'S all right, Winnie,'' Shannon said. "Matt just shot him in the arm."

"Slip me a gun. Put it in this box." He tapped his boxed arm with his left hand. "I can hold it. You can do it and fix the bandage so it won't show."

The woman tiptoed to the doorway quickly, stealthily, trembling. She peered into the other room. She saw nobody evidently, for she returned, snatched scissors from the dresser, cut the bandage away from the front of the box, and thrust a gun into Matt's hand, butt first.

"Thanks," he said. "I can't hit a thing with my left—never was a southpaw."

She fell sobbing on him and kissed him passionately on the mouth. "Now do you believe?"

"Now I know," he said. "You're a grand girl, Minnie."

The sound of the plane grew louder, more menacing.

"He's over the roof," Matt said. "He's circling around. He'll be here in a moment. Well, we'll not die like rats, you and I. Better go into the other room now, Min. Don't let him suspect anything."

She hurried out, wiping her eyes, closed the door.

"Leave the door open," Matt called. She opened it.

With his left hand Matt fished a cigar butt from the breast pocket of his pyjama coat. He bit off a piece of it, and repocketed the stub. His jaws began to work. He straightened up, wincing as pain shot through his right arm, and looked out of the window. In the glare of the headlights he saw a gyroplane. It vanished; the lights went out. Presently he heard voices outside the house. His forefinger rested gently against the trigger of the gun. He heard the outer door open, and, craning his neck, saw two men coming through it, carrying between them something wrapped in blankets. He could hear the sound of a woman crying noisily. That was Minnie, he knew. The first man through the door was the pilot. His back was toward Matt. He was tall, broad-shouldered. The other man was cursing Geoffrey Lynch.

Matt saw the pilot take up the burden and place it on the bed, saw a woman's face. Was that Natalie, he wondered. Had the plot gone through? It didn't seem possible. Yet there was the plane outside. There was the woman—robbed out of the jail. He wished he could see her more clearly. And there, turning and coming toward him, was the pilot with a gas mask covering his face and chest.

"Is she all right?" Whelan asked.

The pilot nodded.

Phil came into the room, gun in his right hand. He glared at Whelan and at the pilot.

"Take off that mask," he said.

The mask came off, revealing the head and shoulders of Bob Shannon.

"Who are you?" Phil asked, covering him with the gun.

"He's my boss!" cried Whelan, and his forefinger squeezed the trigger.

"And the guy on the floor, Bob," Whelan said, "the guy with the broken gun arm, is—you guessed it—my brother-in-law, Dr. Phil Krull, better known as 'Croaker' Krull—young Mike Cahill's pal."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page sixty-one

At the sound of the shot the two women screamed.

"Matt!" one cried.

"Bob!" the other screamed.

Mrs. Whelan stood still, fearing to look.

The girl on the bed threw off the blankets and ran into the other room. "It's all right, Winnie," Shannon said. "Matt just shot him in the arm." He bent over the man, kicking the gun out of the way, and examined the wound. He made a tourniquet of his handkerchief and a pencil he snatched from the dresser.

"He'll be all right," he assured Mrs. Whelan when she came with the bottle. "Matt's a good shot. It's a slight wound."

"Get my bath robe, like a good girl," Matt said. Minnie got the robe. She put it around his shoulders, taking care not to hurt his right arm.

"My wife," Matt said proudly. "Minnie, this is Mr. Shannon. And this is Miss Rollins. Her daddy's governor of this state. And if your brother listens to reason—maybe we can get a pardon for him."

The woman stared at Winnie.

"I thought you were—Mrs. Cahill, I thought you were. I thought you were dead. I was so scared."

"I was just the decoy," Winnie said. "I'm sorry your brother was hurt."

"He's coming to," Shannon said. "Winnie, do you mind going to the door and blowing your whistle?"

He turned to Whelan.

"We finally got your counterfeit message," he said. "We got Lynch too. He's on ice."

"He'll keep," said Whelan. "Minnie, get me some socks and my tan shoes. You know who Lynch is? I made him last September. Remember when I left you, saying I was going to see Leonie Bear in the morning? I had a hunch that Linklater might have left something in his office. I went there, and told the widow I wanted to buy all her husband's junk. Going through one of the filing cases I found the marriage certificate. It gave Minnie's maiden name: Krull."

"You knew then?"

"Everything. We could have prevented the trial. But going down the stairs I broke a leg, an arm, and a few odd ribs. Then Krull came. He knew me. Minnie saved my life. He'd have killed me if it hadn't been for her. She raised him, you know. And—well—I've been gathering moss ever since."

"Six months. Your arm should have healed before this."

"It did. But Krull got drunk last week and stuck a knife through it—and broke it again."

"Didn't it hurt to fire that shot?"

"Hurt? Hell, that was a pleasure. Who's she blowing the whistle for?"

"Sichel and the cops. They're out in the woods. They left the cars down below. I'll fly you back home, Matt."

"Not while I'm alive you won't. The farthest I want to get off the ground is into a bed. Hey, Minnie, get me my pants, and some shawls; and doll yourself up pretty. We're going by-by, hon."

VII

"KRULL talked? Krull's as chatty as a codfish when he loosens up."

Geoffrey Lynch snarled his disbelief into the faces of the men grouped about him in the governor's office—the governor, his secretary, Prosecutor Wheatley, Inspector Sichel, Detective Sergeant Harrison, Bob Shannon, and Matt Whelan.

"He's talked to me," Whelan said. "He's my brother-in-law."

Lynch yawned and looked bored.

"Bring in Krull," the governor ordered.

Sichel repeated the order. Harrison repeated it to the policeman at the door, who bawled it out to others outside the room. Krull appeared, his right arm in a sling, his left wrist shackled to the wrist of a policeman.

"Who is this man?" Governor Rollins asked, pointing at Lynch.

"He's Mike Cahill's son, Mike Cahill, Junior."

"You swear to that?"

"Yes, sir. We escaped together. He drove the car. He ran into a man, and skidded into a ditch. We killed the man. Mike was pretty badly hurt, but he was conscious. We put the man in the car and burned him up. Then Mike held his finger tips to the hood of the car until he fainted. That's why he lost his fingerprints. I carried him to a farmhouse and then called Paddy Cahill. After that I—changed him to look as he looks now."

"You are a surgeon, I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"You may go," Governor Rollins said.

"One moment, governor," Shannon interrupted. "I want to ask executive clemency for this man, in view of the fact that he is turning state's evidence. I believe Mr. Wheatley will join me in that request."

"Most heartily," Wheatley said, his face souring as he turned from Governor Rollins to Shannon. "Most—heartily!"

"WAIT," said Lynch. "Give me a chance, too. You all know I croaked my father now. I'll take the rap for that. I'll take it because I've got to. But if I tell you Paddy Cahill was in on it with me, will you give me a chance? Will you? For God's sake! He put me up to it. He made me do it. And he double-crossed me. He told me how to frame that girl. He told me she wouldn't burn. He told me he'd fix the jury. She'd go free, and I was to marry her, and split with him fifty-fifty. If you burn me you've got to burn him too."

He fell forward on the floor, foaming at the mouth.

The governor arose, and with him all the rest of the party.

"Take him away," the governor said, and turned his back on the sight. He went over to Bob Shannon, and held out his hand.

"Mrs. Cahill is vindicated," he said. "An innocent woman has spent a year in jail. Thank God it was no worse. I'm sorry the newspaper men are not here."

"But they are," said Matt. "I took the liberty of inviting them, governor. And the photographers too. They expect a statement from each one of you gentlemen, and they want close-ups of Mr. Shannon and Mrs. Cahill meeting—outside the prison gates."

The governor winked.

"There's a car outside waiting to take him now. The chauffeur loves speed, and I'll send an escort of motorcycle riders with her. Those photographers will have to do eighty to keep up with her. And if they do, they'll be arrested."

Bob drew the governor aside.

"I can't ask Winnie to do that," he said.

The governor sighed. "I know what's in your mind. You don't want to rub it in."

"McLaughlin will drive me."

"But Winnie's waiting. She wants to drive you. And I think she'll be hurt if she's not asked to be bridesmaid. It's her pride. Women forgive you for breaking their hearts. But if you touch their pride—"

"I'm sorry I hurt her, governor."

"That hurt can be remedied. But the grief the state has caused Mrs. Cahill and her family and you—"

"Forget that," Bob said, "and spread it among the rest of the Cahills."

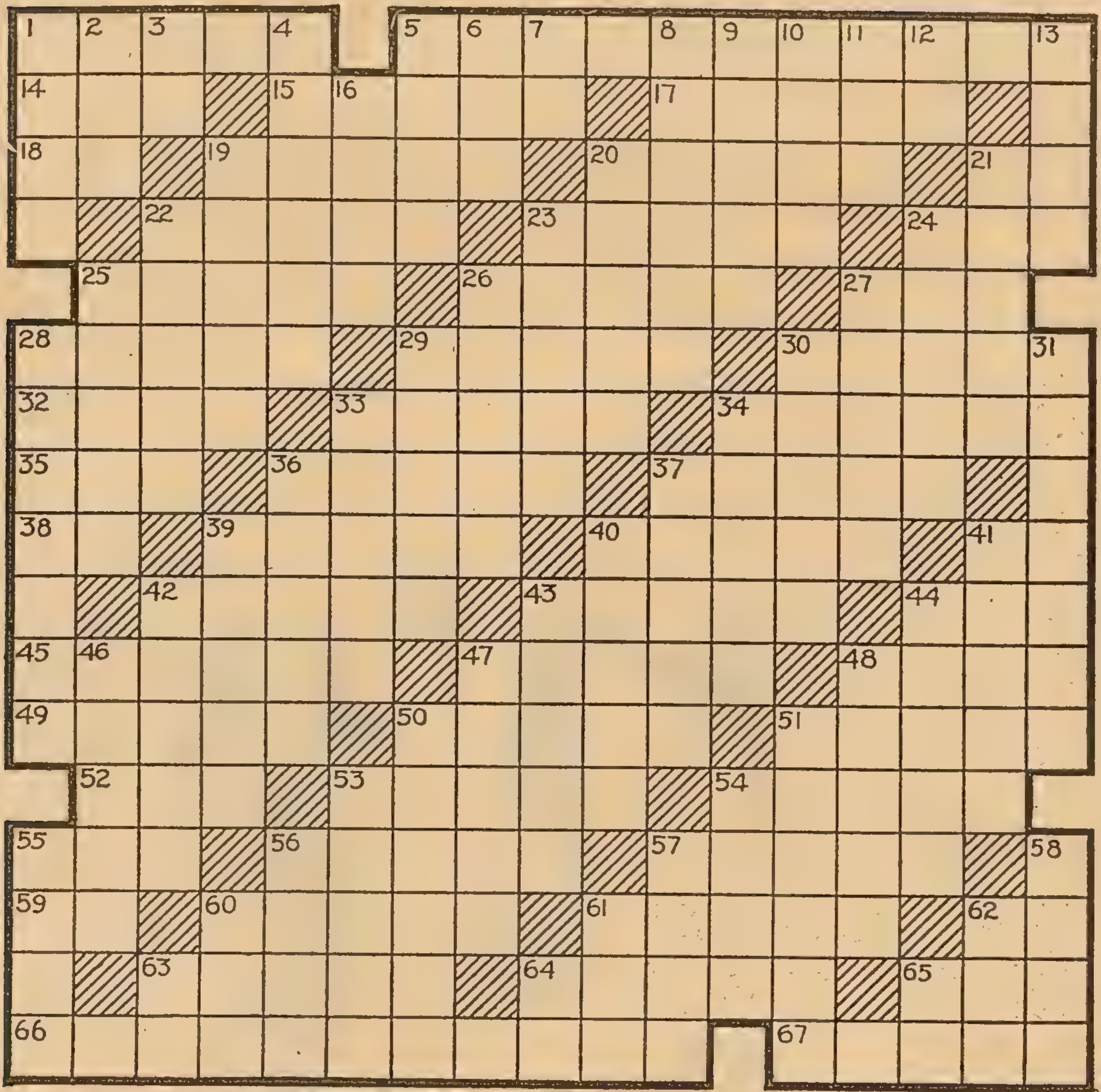
He wrung the governor's hand and ran for his hat and Winnie's new red car.

THE END

Solution of Detectogram on page 53

The professor knew someone had been in the room after the message had been scrawled, because the pen with which it was written was found in the *pen tray*. Dawson died before he finished the message, therefore he could not have placed it there himself.

Cross Words *A New Puzzle*



HORIZONTAL

1 Daughter of Saul
5 Reformed completely
14 Constellation
15 Let; demise
17 One of the Muses
18 Note of the scale
19 Farm buildings
20 Elevate
21 Pronoun
22 In motion
23 Thickened soup
24 Quit of
25 Lends
26 Roils
27 A fish
28 Part of a valve (plural)
29 Ship of a regular line
30 Desires expectantly
32 Spreads for drying
33 Flatfishes
34 Cave
35 Metric measures
36 Sea mammals
37 Polish rabbits
38 Exists
39 Cigar fish (plural)
40 Engine
41 Pronoun
42 Heavenly bodies
43 Gives way to apathy
44 Remotely
45 Penetrates
47 Caverns
48 Crippled
49 Holds in opinion
50 Stuns; dazzles
51 Classified
52 Existed
53 Rented
54 Collections of laws
55 Hesitate in speaking
56 Organized body of individuals
57 Undulating
59 Babylonian city
60 Foundations
61 Pertaining to morning
62 Pronoun
63 Ejects; dispossesses
64 Publicist; sage
65 Hard subsoil
66 Earthly
67 Great; magnificent

VERTICAL

1 A planet
2 Sooner than
3 Egyptian deity
4 Postules
5 Pealed
6 Worm
7 Eldest born of Chaos
8 Stingier
9 American Indians
10 Expunge
11 A hag in Spenser's Faërie Queene
12 Toward
13 Act
16 Birds of prey
19 Craft
20 Regulations
21 Of greater breadth
22 Spurs; incitements
23 Languishes
24 Heavy cords
25 Looks askance
26 Rivulets
27 Lid
28 Discolored
29 Burdens
30 Circle round the moon (plural)
31 Scoffed
33 Scorches
34 Shelters for small domestic animals
36 Mars
37 Church dignitaries
39 Stalks
40 Stirred
41 Part of a harness (plural)
42 Vapor
43 Labyrinths
44 Destined
46 Fresher
47 Cavils
48 Loaded
50 Most dreadful
51 Roaming
53 Armies
54 Roman philosopher
55 Search diligently after
56 Special state of affairs
57 Barrier
58 Make crooked
60 Pericarp
61 Extinct bird
62 Humanity in general
63 Either
64 Note of the scale
65 Parent

C	H	A	T		C	H	A	P	T	E	R		S	L	A	W
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D	E	S	E	R	T	S	■	S	■	R	A	M	■	T	H	E
I	N	■	S	T	R	A	Y	■	S	A	L	E	M	■	L	A
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P	E	T	S		P	E	D	A	N	T	S		W	E	E	K

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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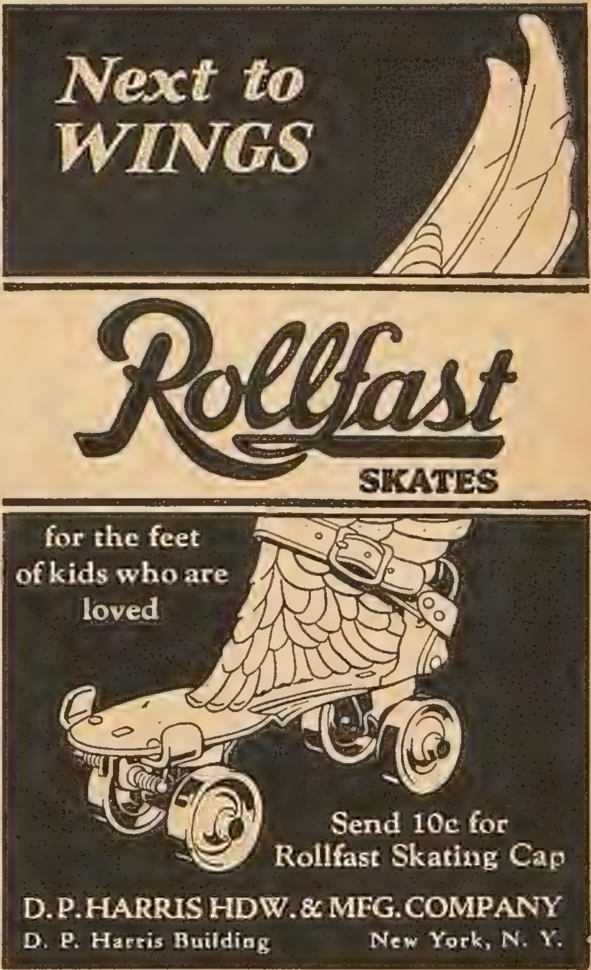
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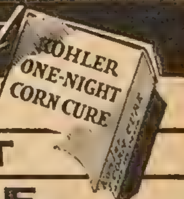

CORN PAINS *ended*

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What Is the Greatest Breach of Etiquette?

LIBERTY WILL PAY $500 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

For Wise-Crack Answers!

WHAT is the greatest breach of etiquette? That is the question we present to the wise-cracking fraternity this week. Further, we present 232 cash prizes for award to the best wise cracks answering the question and establishing the ultimate in social errors. Send in a wise crack, suggest a new question, and win a substantial prize check. You can win the first prize of $100, the second prize of $50, or the $25 third prize. And there are 229 other cash awards awaiting claimants. Which is yours? The brief rules tell you exactly how to get into the money.

Send in your entry on the convenient coupon, on a copy, or on a plain sheet of paper. If you do not print your name and address, write so plainly that there can be no mistake. It would be too bad if your wise crack failed to get into the money only because your name and address could not be read.

If you sent in an answer to the question about the baldheads, look at page 65 of this issue for a list of the prize winners. Whether or not you were in that contest, don't pass up your opportunity this week! There's no time like the present—and there's no present like a cash prize, particularly if you land in the big money! You can't land if you don't enter! Here's the coupon, all ready for you.

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Answer ....

....

....

New Question ....

....

....

Name ....

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WEEKLY CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
Two FOURTH PRIZES, each $10	20
Seven FIFTH PRIZES, each $5	35
Fifty SIXTH PRIZES, each $2	100
170 SEVENTH PRIZES, each $1	170
232 CASH PRIZES, TOTAL	$500

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their immediate families.

2. Each week until further notice Liberty will print a contest question. Write what you consider the most ridiculous possible answer to it. Your answer must be accompanied by a suggested question usable in a future edition of this contest.

3. Each answer must not exceed twenty words. Each suggested question must not exceed twenty words. Use the coupon, a copy thereof, or a plain sheet of paper. If you do not use the coupon, write on one side of your sheet of paper only.

4. The answer which, in the opinion of the judges, is the most ridiculous and is accompanied by the best suggested question for a future edition of the contest will be awarded the first prize. The next best entry, judged on this basis, will be awarded second prize, etc., according to the prize schedule on this page.

5. Mail all entries to ANSWERS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Entries for this week's contest must be received prior to the close of business on Monday, April 11, 1932.

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO WIN BIG MONEY IN A $500 CASH PRIZE WISE-CRACK CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

Prize Winners, February 20 Wise-Crack Contest

OPINION differed widely among Liberty's readers who answered the February 20 contest question, "What should be done for bald-headed men?" If you sent in a wise-crack answer, read the list of winners printed below. If your name is not among them, by all means send in an answer to this week's question which appears on page 64. The winners:

$100 FIRST PRIZE

Not a thing; he has the best seat in the house now.

Mrs. W. H. Buck, Lansdale, Pa.

$50 SECOND PRIZE

Pass a law. That's what we do for everything else.

Francis Flood, Lincoln, Neb.

$25 THIRD PRIZE

Stencil spiders on their domes to keep the flies away.

Donald J. Myers, Bethany, W. Va.

$10 FOURTH PRIZES

W. E. Hamlin, Toledo, Ohio; Morris L. Friedman, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

$5 PRIZES

Kenneth P. Graebner, Callicoon, N. Y.; Jeane B. Weinstein, Newark, N. J.; Mildred Scott, Cleveland, Ohio; H. V. Peterson, Huron, S. D.; Allen Evans, Brainerd, Minn.; W. C. Tillotson, Kansas City, Kan.; Herbert W. Grant, Austin, Tex.

$2 PRIZES

C. W. Gay, St. Paul, Minn.; Loretta Kelsh, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. Herbert H. Perkias, Kaslo, B. C., Can.; Calvin Plonk, Kings Mountain, N. C.; Robert E. L. Berry, St. Paul, Minn.; Myron Schaeffer, Dallas, Tex.; Gus Anaston, Highland Park, Mich.; F. A. Merkle, Pocatello, Idaho; A. M. Weil, Philadelphia, Pa.; Myra Banta, Glendale, Calif.; O. C. Schultz, Los Angeles, Calif.; Annie M. Beals, Corvallis, Ore.; Bud Kimble, Ashtabula, Ohio; C. W. Harris, Bloomington, Ill.; K. R. Johnson, Effingham, Ill.; Mrs. Horatio Hicks, Vancouver, Wash.; Gertrude Hunt, Chicago, Ill.; G. F. MacDougall, Minneapolis, Minn.; Howard Sanford, Oak Park, Ill.

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Jean Lee, Bellaire, N. Y.; George M. Hinks, Baltimore, Md.; N. C. Schlovic, Milwaukee, Wis.; Elmer N. Piquette, Milton, Fla.; Mrs. Berndt, Hamilton, Ohio; Mollie Zacharias, Kansas City, Mo.; Elmer Sherry, Menominee, Mich.; James G. Matthews, Ozone Park, N. Y.; Mary Kate McDonald, Canton, Ohio; Mrs. P. A. Bonham, Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Phil Philippson, Des Moines, Ia.

$1 PRIZES

Isaac Zack, Fort Pierce, Fla.; William McMahon, New York, N. Y.; N. E. Franklin, Petersburg, Va.; J. Ted Beatty, Washington, D. C.; Edgar E. Parrett, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mrs. J. C. Ammons, McColl, S. C.; Ray Evans, Bluefield, W. Va.; Royden S. Meise, Salisbury, Md.; E. J. Coons, Baton Rouge, La.; Mabel Cumberland, Greenfield, Ohio; E. C. Baird, St. Joseph, Mo.; M. E. Couch, Louisville, Ky.; Harriet D. Kinney, Overbrook, Pa.; Mrs. C. B. Schuler, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. R. Coleman, Hyattsville, Md.; Matt Peters, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs C. Orville Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn.; C. F. Swerman, Rice Lake, Wis.; Mrs. Frank Bell, San Angelo, Tex.

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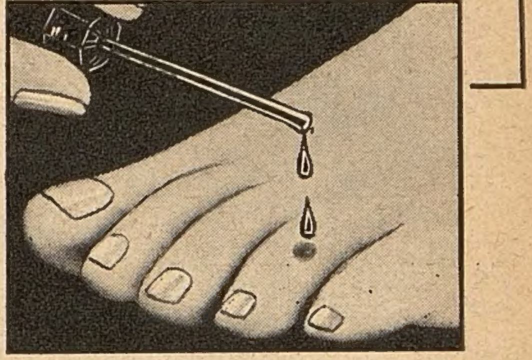
ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 18

1—Boston.
2—Richelieu, Act 2, Scene 2.
3—Mont Blanc.
4—Hippocrates.
5—A small onion.
6—From the island Milo or Melos where it was found in 1820.
7—The handle of a scythe.
8—India.
9—Buenos Aires.
10—A clown; a merry-andrew.
11—In Athens, Georgia.
12—The sixteenth.
13—Centripetal force.
14—In an undertone.
15—Ten.
16—A kind of Scottish Highland bagpipe music.
17—Cross-eye.
18—A hodgepodge; a medley.
19—Wilhelmina I.
20—A mythological monster, half lion and half eagle.



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To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)

EMILY POST steers other people safely through all kinds of embarrassing moments, but there is one shocking situation from which she cannot make her own escape.

"Time and again," she told me, "I find myself riding in the subway in full evening dress, without a cloak to cover my décolleté. It is eight o'clock in the morning, and the train is crowded with working people respectably dressed for the day. How they stare at me, standing there in my low-cut ball gown with a diamond tiara on my head! I am so mortified I feel like sinking through the floor. I nearly die of shame!"

Emily Post

This is a dream, as you have probably guessed. Mrs. Post dreams it over and over again—no doubt because so much of her time is devoted to the untangling of etiquette problems for thousands of self-conscious people.

They send her the queerest appeals for advice. One woman wants to know from which side it is polite to sit down on a chair. Another lady, whose daughter is marrying an amateur singer, wrote to ask what part of the wedding ceremony the bridegroom should enliven with his vocal talent.

"Be considerate. Be kind. Don't be conceited." Mrs. Post says those are the three golden rules of etiquette. She does not believe in overemphasizing the importance of finicky details.

A lady of wide attainments, she has written fourteen novels, raised a family, become an authority on decoration and architecture. One thing she deplores about her career.

"Some people are afraid of me," she said. "They think I'm always watching their manners!"

"HOW much will it cost to take a dragon off my wife's knee?"

I heard this inquiry made the other day, and it wasn't so unreasonable as it seems. The bedragoned lady happened to be a sailor's bride, while the man her husband consulted was Mr. Jack Gavett, master tattoo artist, who takes pretty pictures off you as well as putting them on.

To Mr. Gavett's Brooklyn studio went I in pursuit of the rumor that tattooing has become more popular than ever before. This the maestro confirmed, adding items of information which surprised me.

Women, I learned, frequently have a coquettish beauty spot tattooed on their faces. Price, one dollar. The most completely tattooed person alive is a circus lady named Artoria, whose husband did her all over. Further distinction in this field has been won for our sex in Manila, where a Japanese girl named Marichi ranks now among the topnotch tattoo artists of today.

King George of England had a fancy Chinese dragon tattooed on his arm years ago, when he was a young naval officer. It is still there. The King of Sweden also owns some old tattooing which won't wear off.

Dragons, mermaids, hearts, etc., have always been the most favored subjects; but people of more original taste have all sorts of strange things tattooed on themselves. Lottie Granville, actress, had her will tattooed on her back. A noted sportsman chose to be adorned with a whole fox hunt—riders, hounds, fox, and all.

Recently a beardless youth desirous of looking more manly had imitation stubble tattooed darkly upon his face.

An all-over tattoo costs about a thousand dollars; single pieces—butterflies, sweethearts' names, etc.—from one dollar up. Removal comes high, about ten dollars an inch.

Tattoo artists are expert at blotting out unwanted names—changing them into flowers or scenic effects. They get a lot of this work. Man, alas, is fickle—tattooed or untattooed!

ORIENTAL salad is one of the best buffet-supper novelties. The original recipe calls for anchovy fillets, but cold smoked tongue may be substituted if you prefer it. Make the salad as follows:

Have ready 2 cups cold cooked rice thoroughly drained; 6 fillets of anchovy cut up finely and free from oil; 1 cup diced tomatoes (use only the firm outer part, keep as dry as possible, and remove all skins); also 2 green peppers, baked, peeled, and diced; 1 cup cold cooked string beans cut in fine strips.

Use a French dressing made with 2 tablespoons olive oil, 1½ tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt or more, a little sugar, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, pepper to taste. Rub the bowl with a garlic clove or onion. Toss salad lightly with *two forks*. Pile on a dish and serve decorated with pimiento.

A STRANGE case of maternal cruelty has come to my attention. I call it strange because the mother's cruelty bears such a close resemblance to devotion.

When she was young this mother longed to be an actress. Her parents forbade it, and she married a rich man instead.

Now she is a wealthy widow, too old to resume her thwarted ambitions but rich and willful enough to force them upon her daughter. She has determined to make the girl an actress.

"You must have everything," she tells her, "that I missed."

At fourteen the girl had a tryout in the movies, through the influence of mamma's money. Her features were passable but her figure gawky, and of dramatic talents she showed absolutely none. In fact, she was such a pronounced flop that no amount of influence would keep her on the screen. Mamma then put her on the stage—with identical results.

Now the poor girl is studying for opera. She is miserably unhappy.

She hates the theater and knows perfectly well that she has no gift for it.

But mamma is satisfied. At last *she* has stage connections. She says she knows the girl will like it—in time.

A REALLY thrilling new book is Way of the Lancer, by Richard Boleslavski and Helen Woodward. They tell the weird, fascinating adventures of a Polish cavalry regiment in Russia during the war and the revolution. (Published by Bobbs-Merrill.)

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